

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

No. 1884.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Edition, Fivepence.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN Daily from Ten till Five.
Admission 1s.
GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

ART UNION OF LONDON.—(By Royal Charter.) Specimens of the Two Prints to be given to every subscriber of the current year, may now be seen at the office, "THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS," a work of national and historical interest, by H. Robinson, after H. C. S. and "CHRIST LED TO CRUCIFIXION." In addition to the above Two Prints each Prizeholder will be entitled to select for himself a Work of Art from one of the Public Exhibitions.
GEORGE GODWIN, } Honorary
LEWIS POOCK, } Secretaries.
44, West Strand, 4th Feb., 1853.

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, Whitehall
Yard. The Twenty-second Anniversary Meeting will be held in the Theatre of the Institution on SATURDAY, the 5th of March. The Chair will be taken by Rear-Admiral His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., at Two o'clock precisely.
By order of the Council, LEWIS H. J. TONNA, Secretary.
February 19th, 1853.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The Second Ordinary Meeting will be held at the house of the Society Papers, John Street, Adelphi, on Saturday, March 3rd, at 8 p.m. The subject will be read by R. Hunt, Esq., "On the Principles by which the Construction of Photographic Lenses should be regulated," and by the Count de Montizon "On the Collodion Process." By order.
R. FENTON, Hon. Secretary.

GEOLOGY.—Persons wishing to become acquainted with this interesting branch of Science will find that which can be had at Two, Five, Ten, Twenty, or Fifty to Her Majesty, 119, Strand, London. (Mineralogical Collection for Five Guineas), which will illustrate the recent works on Geology, contains 200 specimens, in a Mahogany Cabinet, with five trays, viz.:—
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CAUTION.—"THE KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN." By Mrs. STOWE—LOW, SON, AND CO., as notice that this Work has been legally secured to her. Editions of New York, Boston, and Co. ASY. PERSON infringing the above title, or any portion of the Work, will be proceeded against.
4, Ludgate Hill, Feb. 22.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for March contains the following articles:—

1. The Masters of the Roman World.
2. The State of the Soul after Death.
3. Mr. Joseph Ames and Dr. Samuel Johnson.
4. The Deveraux of the Isle of Essex.
5. Fra Dolcino and his Flocks.
6. Memorial of John Home, the Author of "Douglas."
7. Dr. Cunningham at Florence, Siena, and Rome in 1736.
8. Richard of Cirencester.—1. The Ancient Records of Ireland. 2. The last Battle of Carnew. 3. Suffragan Bishops. 4. Odo y-Castell.
9. The Society of Gregorians. 5. English Etymology. 6. The Historical Chronicle, and Obituary, including Memoirs of the Earl of Stair, Earl Beauchamp, Viscount Melbourne, Peter F. L. Fraser, &c. &c. Price 2s. 6d.
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The first division to be viewed on Friday and Saturday, March 4 and 5; the second division to be viewed on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 13 and 14. Catalogues are now ready, 2s. 6d. each, and sent free of postage for 3s.

A SECOND EDITION OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 183.

- CONTENTS.
1. VAUXHALL FACTORY SCHOOLS.
 2. MR. JUSTICE STORY.
 3. INDIAN ADMINISTRATION.
 4. METEORS, AEROLITES, AND SHOOTING STARS.
 5. GLOSTER LIFE OF CHARLES V.
 6. COUNT MONTAUBERT & CATHOLIC INTERESTS.
 7. THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
 8. MEMOIRS OF WOLFE.
 9. THE BUDGET, AND ITS RESULTS.

John Murray, Albemarle Street.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.
No. CCCCLXIX, for March 1853. Price 2s. 6d.

- CONTENTS.
1. Clubs and Clubbists.
 2. Lady Lee's Widowhood. Part III.
 3. The Vegetable Kingdom. Part III.
 4. Rambles in Southern Scandinavia.
 5. John Rinton; or, The Fragment of the Wreck.
 6. A Trio of French Tourists.
 7. Peace and War.
 8. The Malt Tax.

Note to the Article on Slavery in our January Number.
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With an Illustration by Leech, price Half-a-Crown, the March Number of

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY

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 11. Demetrius the Impostor.
 12. The Lewis—What is it? By W. Howard Russell.
 13. A Short Cut Across the Highlands of Scotland.
 14. Literature.

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COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
Edited by W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH. No. CCCLXXXVII.
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- WHAT THEY SAY IN PARIS.
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- Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

THE First Number of the MONTHLY JOURNAL of the PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY will be published on March 3.

All communications to be sent to the Council, at No. 4, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.
Members are requested to send their Addresses, that the Journal may be forwarded to them; and those who have not paid their first subscriptions should do so immediately.
The Ordinary General Meetings will be held at the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, the first Thursday in each Month, during the Session, at 8 o'clock, precisely. The next Meeting on Thursday, 3rd March.
Advertisements for the First Number of the Journal cannot be inserted unless sent to the Publishers before 2 o'clock, on Monday, the 28th February.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.

The ENGRAVINGS from Pictures in the VERNON GALLERY, which will appear in the Number for MARCH are:—"The Stepping-Stones," after W. F. Witherington, R.A.; and "London Bridge, 1745," after S. Scott. It contains also an Engraving from R. Monti's group of Sculpture, "The Sister Anglers."

Among the literary contents will be found contributions by E. Hall, F.S.A. on "The Embellishment of Public Buildings;" by Mrs. Merrifield, on "Dress as a Fine Art," Illustrated; by Professor R. Hunt, on "The Ornamental Stone of the United Kingdom." The other principal papers are:—"M. Guizot on the Fine Arts;" "The Crystal Palace at Sydenham;" "The Great Masters of Art—J. Baptiste Monnoyer;" "Sale of the Pictures of the Duchess of Orleans;" "The Exhibition of the British Institution;" "An Artist's Ramble from Antwerp to Rome," Illustrated. The Illustrated Almanac of the Month, and Miller's Illustrations of "Passages from the Voyage of Life," are also continued.

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CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

The MARCH Number contains the continuation of Helen Lyndsey, by the Editor; the Battle of Life, by the Author of the "Schoolmaster of the Catcombe;" Immerius Redivivus, by the Author of "Mary Powell;" Flies in Amber, by Professor Robert Hunt; The Druses, by Lieut.-Col. Napier; An Indian Village, by Horace St. John; Critical Notices of New Books, &c. &c.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

REVIEWS.

The Fine Arts; their Nature and Relations.
By M. Guizot. Bosworth.

THIS translation of an old work of M. Guizot, recently republished at Paris, has been well made by Mr. George Grove; and as we are told on the title page, "with the assistance of the author." Now, as the French language is somewhat less difficult than Sanscrit, this advertised aid is probably to be ascribed to bibliopolic considerations, which, by hanging out the sign of a great name, suggests the prospect of neat entertainment within. The original was written more than forty years ago, when M. Guizot was working up his way from the rank and file of literature to that higher and distinguished grade which he subsequently reached as a Professor in Paris. It was composed long before that period, fatal to his fame, when he exchanged his honourable independent career for the slippery pursuit of French politics, and became the instrument of Louis Philippe's trickster double dealings. The last, that of the Spanish marriages, entailed a just punishment; and while the Orleans line was hurled root and branch from their usurped throne, the Minister, ousted from place, was driven to fall back upon his pristine pen, and reduced to serve up again the crumbs of former compilations. The present *réchauffé* is ushered in by some remarks of M. Guizot, which are more neatly expressed than new, and savour somewhat of commonplace on stilts. We are informed that—

"The study of art possesses the great and peculiar charm, that it is absolutely unconnected with the affairs and the contests of ordinary life. By private interests, by political questions, and by philosophical problems, men are deeply divided and set at variance. But beyond and above all such party strifes, they are attracted and united by a taste for the beautiful in art; it is a taste at once engrossing and unselfish, which may be indulged without effort, and yet has the power of exciting the deepest emotions; a taste able to exercise and to gratify both the nobler and the softer parts of our nature—the imagination and the judgment, love of emotion and power of reflection, the enthusiasm and the critical faculty, the senses and the reason. The very differences and debates arising from an intellectual exercise at once so varied and so animated, have the rare advantage that they may be eager without becoming angry, that in their pertinacity there is nothing of rancour, and that while they rouse the passions, they at the same time disarm them of their bitterness. Such power has beauty over the mind of man: that the contemplation of it can efface, or at any rate materially weaken, impressions which would lessen the delight afforded by it.

"It is the high privilege of art, that it has fallen to its lot to contribute to the happiness and prosperity of men in the most different epochs and states of society. Whether under republic or monarchy, liberty or despotism, whether the minds of men be at rest or in agitation—in every case but where suffering or oppression has crushed and frozen the whole body of society, a love for art has been able to develop itself with effect; art shed its splendours both over the Roman empire and the Greek commonwealth, and flourished equally in the bosom of the turbulent republics of the middle ages, and under the majestic sway of Louis the Fourteenth."

We have no space to inquire into the practical working of this love and pursuit of art, by which envy, hatred, malice, jealousy, and all uncharitableness, are to be banished from those who profess it, and every academy,

royal or republican, is to be made synonymous with an Agapemone and a Utopia. These amiable suppositions occurred, be it said, to M. Guizot at the time "when the French victorious armies in their march over the world had amassed and brought back with them the marvels of art." These, we should have thought, were not moments for such a study, when grim-visaged war raged, and the fine arts were either trampled down under the iron heel of the soldier, or torn from their parent altar and home. We protest also against the revolutionary robber-system then practised, that made Paris the receiving house for the stolen goods of Europe, England excepted. We believe that a pure perception of the beautiful in nature, and true imitation in art, is far better fostered in a native clime and under the congenial sky of Italy, and are convinced that such tender exotics wither when transplanted into the hard atmosphere of theatrical France.

The book now before us was founded originally in some critical examinations written by M. Guizot in 1810, on an exhibition of modern French pictures, and after the manner, we presume, of M. Diderot's celebrated critiques of the *salons* of Paris. These, which for obvious reasons have been now omitted, were followed up by other analogous art inquiries, from which our author has made selections, and especially from those portions which bore on some of the great historical pictures of old masters, "a topic surely sufficient, especially in days like the present, when men and things disappear and are forgotten so swiftly;" and we sincerely condole with this plaintive confession of the ex-official philosopher. The book makes a respectable first appearance on the English stage; it is carefully printed, very well translated, and prettily illustrated by engravings on wood by Mr. Sharf; these are executed much in the style of the recent *Legendary or Madonna* publications of the accomplished Mrs. Jameson, to whom, however, the austere ex-minister is not worthy to hold a candle, either in nice art appreciation or critical description. It is by no means an easy task to prepare a good catalogue *raisonnée* of pictures, which are destined by their very nature to be *seen*; it is very difficult so to paint with words that the reader can realize in his mind's eye outline and colour, while the danger is great of becoming dull as the catalogue of an auctioneer; again, to examine the metaphysics of art, their nature and relations, is still more difficult, and has perplexed the thoughts of the most experienced in aesthetics, and occupied the pens of writers of science and note. M. Guizot, a newly-fledged tyro in 1810, opens his disquisitions with a preliminary essay of forty-seven pages, on Painting, Sculpture, and Engraving. He touches on the peculiarities of each, pointing out how they differ, and when they agree with each other. His notions, written in an elegant style, no doubt sufficiently satisfied the age for which they were destined. But the subject has been since probed much deeper by Plattner, Waagen, and Kugler, whose excellent book is so well known from the annotated translation by Sir Charles Eastlake, and the admirable woodcuts by Mr. Sharf. These and other competent authors have so thoroughly sifted the matter, with such thoughtful, substantial, philosophical, and exhaustive research, that only those who wish merely to skim lightly on the surface, will be contented with the pap and panada on which our fathers fattened, however sugary

and confectionary the preparation, as in this instance.

The pith and marrow of M. Guizot's flowery and French essay may be briefly stated. *The Sculptor*, possibly Scopas, from a shapeless block brings into being the divine Apollo, "thus, at the call of a man, has a god come forth from a stone." *The Painter*, with a few colours, and a piece of canvas, bids the archangel Michael descend from the skies, or, in the Virgin and Son, "perpetuates the Maiden, the Mother, the Child, and the God." These masterpieces exist, however, for a few, and are comparatively unseen and unknown, until the *Engraver*, with his copper-plate and needle, enables the whole world to admire and enjoy them, a "union of art, which would seem a miracle were it not of daily occurrence." This may be so in France, but we could wish it one of more frequent occurrence in our Art Unions, which hitherto have but scantily produced or propagated the marvellous. These really miraculous results are based, according to M. Guizot, "in the nature and faculties of man," and however strange and enticing the arts from novelty, they are even more thoroughly admired in proportion as intimate knowledge enables us to understand all their points of excellence; this understanding, so devoutly to be desired, is, says M. Guizot, best advanced and maintained by treatises on the fine arts and their secret laws, like his present one. By such manuals the inquiring student is taught what to observe, and to "know the reason why."

In indicating the principal points, the question of art precedence, and the ancient and much-mooted dispute of the superiority of Sculpture over Painting, is rapidly passed over by M. Guizot, who proceeds to discuss the peculiar province of each branch of art, their analogies and differences. He might have just added that in ancient art the sculpturesque principle, which embodied the *form* of the Divinity in the anthropomorphism of Pagan creeds, ranked higher than the sister art, which was long chiefly employed in subaltern decoration of the enshrined idol. At the restoration of the classical in letters and art, Michael Angelo and his school went far to uphold the Chisel, and pronounce the Brush and Oil to be "an art for women and lazy people." Next we learn that the province of the sculptor is so to imitate all the outward characteristics of the human body, that the man of stone will differ from his prototype only in substance, colour, and weight; while that of the painter is to place upon a plane surface figures which shall appear to the spectator as "they would in reality if seen from a distance." What both arts have in common is design; sculpture dealing with *situations*, painting with *actions*. The sculptor must always consider *beauty* as his chief object, even at a sacrifice of truth, for he has no colour at his disposal to give the effect of reality, nor can he attempt to represent motion, and his very material—heavy, lifeless, and immovable—forbids the representation of violent or complicated action. The more appropriate subjects which afford room for the display of all the excellences of sculpture, and offer the least risk of exposing its defects, are fixed individual *positions*, which can be calmly and quietly developed, with simplicity of form, defined expression, and attitude. The triumph of ancient art was to represent the Divinity, as superior to and unruffled by human passions.

The range of painting is wider, as it embraces everything obvious to the sense of

sight, but the difficulties increase with the increased range. In painting there is no necessity of confinement to single figures or to quiet action. The painter has little to borrow from the sculptor either as to expression, attitude, or composition; his grand object is to study Nature, and acquire a power of imitation of her, with a warm, lifelike colour; colour is his most brilliant and efficient instrument, without which it is impossible to produce great effects or truth of representation. The study of sculpture may be beneficial as heightening a sense of form, and giving a power of drawing and a feeling for the beautiful; and although the two arts have seldom the same aim, and never command the same means of reaching it, yet they are sisters, not rivals or antagonistic.

The third sister art, Engraving, is dismissed in shorter compass. Unknown to the ancients, the discovery, contemporaneous with printing, connects the somewhat cognate inventions. The office of the engraver is to translate rather than to copy. The value of his efforts cannot be overestimated. Sculpture and paintings are rare and costly objects, and can be possessed comparatively by few, or even seen, except in great capitals. Multiplied *ad infinitum* by the engraver, the most exquisite compositions, forms and outlines of grace, are wafted on the light wings of prints to every corner of the civilized world, and the transcripts of originals which adorn the palaces of kings are rescued from the wreck of time, and thus perpetuated to enliven and elevate even the cottage.

The second portion of the work is devoted to descriptive criticisms "on certain pictures of the Italian and French schools." We cannot compliment M. Guizot either as to what he has admitted or excluded. Selections such as his, show rather the mind and taste of the selector than convey any true idea of the general subject from which the selection has been made. Thus, while *Titian*, the painter *par excellence*—*Parmegianino*, the spoiled child of grace, into whose body the soul of Raffaele was said to have passed,—*Pietro Perugino*, the precursor of Raffaele—*Sebastiano del Piombo*, the expressor on canvas of Michael Angelo, are left out altogether, we have lengthy disquisitions on Andrea Squazzella, Andrea Solari, Orazio Lomi, whose names are scarcely known, and whose works few care to see, much more than those of Messieurs Santerre and La Hyre, who figure among the chosen French. It may chime in with the self-love and estimation of his vain-glorious countrymen, that the Flemish, Dutch, German, Spanish, and English schools have been ignored and omitted, in order to give place to the school of *La Belle France*, as some of her own wags have nicknamed that most unpoetical, unpicturesque, and unpictorial country; but the rest of Europe will demur, and, at all events, be at a loss to understand why Claude Lorraine is not mentioned, who, by the way, like Poussin, owes nought to France but the misfortune of birth, being essentially, in education, style, and feeling, Italians; and both pined when forced to revisit the uncongenial atmosphere of Paris, and only breathed again on returning to the land of their adoption.

What, we would ask, remains of the French school of the really great when these two artists are taken from the scanty list? and what pretensions has it to any original independent eminence? The real secondary and intermediate position has been noted fairly and impartially by Kugler. The relations of France to Italy on the one hand, and to

Flanders on the other, were such as to cause the painting of both countries to exercise a favourable influence on the French school; whilst the style of art which resulted is inferior in originality it unites some of the excellences of both. In life, truth, and variety, derived from the study of nature, the French were inferior to the Flemings, but they show more style in their arrangements, and a better taste in draperies and accessories. In these points they were surpassed by the Italians.

M. Guizot naturally assigns the precedence in the Italian school to Raffaele; but we cannot approve of a selection of pictures which omits the *Transfiguration*, the *Perla*, the *Tobit and Fish*, and every one of the Cartoons, to dwell on *St. George and the Dragon*, and his legend—*tonsoribus notum*, or on the *Five Saints*, a secondary picture; nor do any of his remarks on the others—to wit, on *Leo X.*, the sybaritic dilettante; *Johanna of Arragon*, the fair but frail Queen of the South; the *Madonna del Foligno*, and the *Holy Family*, in the Louvre—appear to us worthy of extract, as either striking or original.

We must not altogether omit placing before our readers some extracts to enable them to judge of the present volume. M. Guizot, in criticising the *Death of the Virgin*, by Caravaggio, in the Louvre, holds up the artist as a striking instance of the fact—

"that almost any fault will be pardoned for the sake of truth and originality. He was born in 1569, at Caravaggio, in Lombardy; and although the son of a mason, and following that craft for some time himself, the impulse which urged him towards painting was so strong as to triumph over the obstacles opposed by poverty, want of time, and absence of instruction. He went to Venice, and thence to Rome, where he worked in the studios of several painters, amongst others of the Cavalier Giuseppe d'Arpino, called Guiseppino. He soon became famous, and was the founder of the school known in Italy under the name of the Naturalists, whence he exercised an influence on the style of the two greatest artists of his time, Guercino and Guido.

"In reading the life of Caravaggio, it is not possible to help remarking a strong analogy between the character of his mind and the style of his paintings. Both were burning and impetuous, full of life and spirit, but both were also sadly incorrect and deficient in dignity, and in regard to propriety and consistency. He studied nature, it is true, but without discrimination or selection—nature as she shows herself in the streets and market places, gross and uncultivated, clumsy in form, dull in feeling, violent in passion, rough and coarse in expression, rude and unrefined in gait and complexion. It was from such as these that Caravaggio selected his models; for his virgins he had the young of the lowest orders, his saints he procured from the taverns; and if he is ever led on by his subject to infuse a higher sentiment than usual into his figures, through the sudden and transitory outbreak of a higher nature, there is always perceivable the vulgarity from which he was never able to dissociate truth, because it was in that connexion that he most often met with it.

"Caravaggio's manner," says Bellori, "corresponded with his physiognomy and figure. He had a very brown complexion; his eyes too were brown, and his hair and eyebrows black, with a dark fierce look, altogether very like his pictures."

The philosophy of the success of Caravaggio seems to have been entirely unperceived by M. Guizot; it was the reaction of Raffaele, when an over-banqueting on the sublime, the beautiful, and the ideal, led to a craving in a contrary extreme, and to a descent to the ordinary, the low, and the ridiculous. It was the triumph of the democratic and low element, over the elevated and refined; but

le dégoût du beau amène le goût du singulier, and "just sated in a celestial bed will prey on garbage."

We are not disposed to agree implicitly in the view taken by our professor with regard to the *Arcadia* of Poussin, in the Louvre.

"The artist's intention was," he says, "to associate the idea of death with the smiling country of Arcadia, and the loves and delights of the shepherd life; making the idea of death the leading one, and that to which the action of the picture should have reference: beholders were to be impressed with the sense of the sure approach of death. In order to this he painted a simple, almost barren landscape, with a tomb filling the centre of the foreground. We are all familiar with the beauties of Arcadia, and the happiness of those who dwell there; and from our infancy have been accustomed to read of them in the works of the old poets. At the sound of the word all the charms of the country, and of pastoral life, are brought vividly to our minds. If then Poussin had put these before us, we should have inevitably been compelled to enter into them, and our attention would have been wholly taken up with those sweet spots, and those happy shepherds, a result entirely contrary to the intention of the painter. He, on the other hand, seems to say, 'You know Arcadia, and believe it to be always gay and happy; come and see death there—death in all its cold and gloomy monotony.' Thus the picture strikes by the contrast between the associations recalled by the name of Arcadia, and the scenes actually painted. Gaiety there is none; it would have interfered with the solitude and silence which make the idea of death so striking. The landscape is even dreary, no dwellings, no flocks, a few trees round the tomb—nothing else to catch the eye—no action to distract the attention. Before the visit of these shepherds the tomb had been abandoned, perhaps unknown—certainly they have never heard of its existence—for the very inscription has to be explained to them; and yet this forgotten being, now lost to the earth, was once like them a shepherd, and like them young, happy, and beloved. These are no unreal ideas for which Poussin ought not to have credit; even supposing that he did not imagine all the details, it is not the less true that they are all included in the general intention of the picture; for that intention is no conjecture, one of his friends tells us, that it was gloomy death and not lovely Arcadia that Poussin wished to impress on the beholder; and this he has done perfectly, and so that nothing in the picture contradicts or weakens its force; it was the main sentiment of Poussin's mind, and tokens of it are plainly manifest in all his works. The scene consists of three shepherds, and a shepherdess. One of them—a man of middle age, with one knee on the ground and his finger on the inscription—is explaining the words to his younger companions, and perhaps telling the story of him to whose memory it is placed. The one on the left hand, standing and leaning on the tomb, listens in deep thought and with an expression of pity; the third, on the right, is bending down while he turns towards the shepherdess, who leans on him and points to the inscription."

It may be fairly questioned, whether this be a treatment naturally associated with Arcadia, a name that conjures up the Switzerland of ancient Greece, the chosen paradise of the pastoral poet, the home of simple, gentle peasants, a land of rural delights and amenities, overflowing with milk, honey, and panpipes. The sepulchre and gloomy mementoes of death better become the wild and rugged crags, the tangled forests, and lonely solitudes of Salvator Rosa, however satisfactory to the Badauds of Paris, whose idea of the country scarcely then extended beyond the dusty highway of Les Champs Elysées; M. Guizot, however, gets positively enthusiastic, and considers this "barren" view of Arcadia, and this monumental feature to be

"the natural result of the association of a simple action with a deep-seated feeling or a grand sentiment, that a thousand feelings and ideas are awakened in the breast of the beholder; and it is wonderful how many thoughts and emotions may be excited by a scene at first sight, so suggestive as this. The expressions are entirely in harmony with the action, simple, unaffected, and touching. There is a great beauty in the girl's figure, and a natural grace which is very sweet and charming."

Nicolas Poussin to our mind was exactly the painter *not* to depict Arcadia. Stern, thoughtful by nature, a long residence amid the basso relievos of the Capitol, and much solitary study in the vasty, desolate Campagna, and broken country of the Apennines, had impregnated him with Roman rather than Greek sentiments and perceptions. We will conclude these brief remarks with a comparison by M. Guizot, between two painters, whose characteristics are scarcely less dissimilar than those of the two countries. The theme is *The Death of Sapphira*, in the Louvre, by N. Poussin.

"This awful story has been made the subject of a masterly composition both by Raffaele and Poussin. The moment chosen by the former is that of the death of Ananias, by the latter that of Sapphira. Raffaele has treated it in the widest possible sense. In the centre of the picture are nine of the apostles on a raised platform; to the left are the new converts, bringing in the proceeds of the goods they have been selling; on the right the faithful poor are receiving from the hands of two of the other apostles the alms furnished by the charity of their brethren; and quite in front, at the foot of the platform, is Ananias falling in death after St. Peter's denunciation of his falsehood. This attracts the attention of several bystanders, who are looking on with wonder and fear—but with no apparent sympathy or regret—at the severe sentence of St. Peter. Thus the story of the sacred writer is realized in its entirety; Ananias receives the due reward of his hypocrisy in the midst of the new believers—for whose warning it was intended—at the very moment when the alms and offerings are being made, in the credit of which he wished to share without giving up the whole of his wealth, forgetting that his falsehood was destroying the whole worth of his liberality.

"Poussin, on the other hand, has confined himself to the death of Sapphira. In his picture we see neither the band of apostles, nor the rich converts flocking to lay at their feet the price of the goods, nor the poor disciples receiving the assistance to which their poverty entitles them. Five persons are witnessing the death of Sapphira, apparently with no feeling but that of deep pity and almost horror at the sight of a judgment of which they recognise neither the occasion nor the justice. In the composition of the picture the peculiarity of Poussin's genius—always seeking for unity and simplicity—is very apparent; and, in fact, to them the real meaning of the occurrence is sacrificed. The story is not treated as in Raffaele's cartoon, as a fearful lesson addressed to the assembled faithful, and filling them with a deep and salutary dread, but merely as a case of sudden death, which excites compassion, astonishment, and even aversion in the beholders. The three who are rushing to Sapphira with grief in their faces, and the man and woman starting back with looks of affright and reproach akin to indignation—have little to do either with the actual facts of the story, the intention of the apostle, or the real moral of the event. Viewed artistically, the painting is admirable: the figures are grouped with natural and yet effective simplicity; the head of St. Peter, though highly indignant in expression, is full of dignity; and the background is managed with much art. As usual, the colours have suffered much from the action of time."

This essay will, we suspect, obtain circulation more from the European reputation of M. Guizot as Professor and Premier, than from

any searching originality of its own; yet if it be vague, incomprehensive, and wanting in nice precision of marking, the style is easy and elegant, and the volume doubtless will be very popular and suitable for the young ladies of Mons. Roche's classes.

Artists and amateurs of the masculine gender, who require matter more substantial and nutritive, may compare this republication of the ex-official recluse of Val Richer, with the treatises written in his retreat by our Lord Bolingbroke when also out of place; they will remember the general disappointment occasioned where so much was anticipated, at their falling so very short of expectation when they came to be tested by the severe ordeal of print.

Of the tinted wood-engravings and elegant typography of Mr. Grove's volume, at least, we can speak in the highest terms.

Daisy Burns: a Tale. By Julia Kavanagh. Bentley.

VERY pleasantly written is this novel, and it contains passages of much beauty and vigour. But the meagreness of the story is extreme, the substance of a brief tale being spun out into a fiction of three volumes. Margaret Burns is the orphan daughter of a country surgeon in the Isle of Wight, who dies at the opening of the tale, a young Irish protégé, Cornelius O'Reilly, being on a visit to the house at the time. Cornelius, who had been partly brought up by his countryman, Dr. Burns, frequently used to come down to stay at Ryde, and looked on little Margaret, or Daisy, as he playfully rendered her name, as a sister. When she was left at her father's death, Cornelius resolved to take her under his charge. The child's grandfather was alive, but he had disowned his daughter ever since she had the imprudence to marry Dr. Burns. With old Mr. Thornton, after some difficulties which are amusingly described, Cornelius managed to deposit the child, to her sad regret in parting from her generous protector. Finding afterwards that she was ill-treated and unhappy, he resolved to bring her to London, and in the greater part of the story Daisy is domiciled with Cornelius and his sister Kate. The brother and sister attend to her education, and Daisy's love to her benefactor grows with her growth. Cornelius becomes an artist, and Daisy encourages and fires his ambition. For years the affection advances, in a very undefined and unanalyzed state, especially after Cornelius returns after a long absence abroad, and finds his Daisy in the bloom of young womanhood. Kate speedily sees it is a real love-and-matrimony affair, but Cornelius and Daisy are made to go on nearly to the end of the tale in a confused, undecided, and utterly improbable condition of feeling towards each other. Scenes of doubt, hope, fear, jealousy, occasionally intervene, and Cornelius actually becomes engaged to a clever intellectual woman, Miriam Russell, more of his own age, while Daisy Burns is sought by a young cousin of her own, Edward Thornton. A little variety is given to the story by these episodic feelings, but from the first it is apparent that all is to end with the happy union of Cornelius and Daisy, the delay of which till the close of the third volume gives opportunity for very ingenious but very tiresome art by the authoress in the management of her tale.

Two or three passages will illustrate our remarks, both as to the meagreness of the

story, the skilful management of particular scenes, and the pleasant style of the writer. We must premise that the tale is in the form of a narrative by Daisy Burns herself, and in the first extract she is describing part of one scene, to which there are many somewhat similar throughout the volumes. She is strolling out with Cornelius:—

"I asked if we should take the path that led to the beach.

"Why not go by Leigh, you were wishing for green fields!"

"True; besides we can come back by the sands."

"He did not reply. I took his arm; we traversed the house, and went down the steep path, which had seen some of our first walks in the pleasant lanes and meadows of Leigh.

"Only think," I observed after a while, 'I have brought the flowers you gave me. They will be quite withered by the time we are home again.'

"Cornelius stopped abruptly, and held me back.

"Mind that stone," he said, 'you might have hurt yourself. Why did you not look before you?'

"Because I feel as if I trod on air," I replied gaily, 'and when one feels so, it seems quite ridiculous to trouble oneself with stones, &c. I don't know when I have been in a mood so light and happy. I feel as if this green lane need have no end or turning, and this pleasant day no sunset.'

"He did not answer. My flights of fancy won no response from his graver mood; the dazzling brightness of the deep blue sky, the green freshness of the fields, seemed lost upon him, lost the charm and sweetness of the day. But even his unusual seriousness could not subdue the buoyancy and life which I felt rising within me. My blood flowed, as it only flows in youth or in spring, light, warm, and rapid, making of every sensation a brief delight, of every aspect and change of nature an exquisite enjoyment, tempered with that undercurrent of subtle pain which runs through overwrought emotions, and subdues at their very highest pitch the sweetest and purest joys of mortal sense. I walked on, like one in a dream, scarcely heeding where we went. At length Cornelius stopped, and said:—

"Shall we not rest here awhile?"

"We stood in that green and lonely nook, by the banks of the quiet stream where we had once lingered through the hours of a summer noon. It so chanced that though we had since then often passed by the spot, we had never made it our resting-place. The thought of once more spending here an hour or two was pleasant. I took off my bonnet and suspended it from the branches of the willow; I sat again beneath it; Cornelius unconsciously took the very attitude in which I remembered him—half reclining on the bank, with his brow resting on the palm of his hand. The same bending trees above, with their glimpses of blue sky; the same clear stream flowing on, with its silent world below, and its green wilderness beyond; the same murmur of low and broken sounds around us; the same sweet sense of freshness and solitude made past weeks seem like one unbroken summer day. I felt that sitting there, I could forget how quickly pass our hours, how rapid is the course of time.

"Daisy!" suddenly said Cornelius, looking up, 'how is it you do not ask me what I had to tell you last night?'

"I had forgotten all about it," I answered, smiling. 'What is it, Cornelius?'

"He did not reply at once, but again taking my hands in his, he looked at me so sadly, that my heart sank within me.

"Cornelius," I exclaimed, 'you have not news—of—Kate?'

"No," he quickly replied, 'I have sad news for you, my poor child; but Kate is well.'

"What is it then? What is it, Cornelius? Has she lost her money? Is the house burned down? What is it?'

"Nothing like this, Daisy; you would never guess—I must tell you. God alone knows how hard I find it. Daisy, we are going to part.'

"My arms fell down powerless; I did not speak; I did not weep; I was stunned with the blow. An expression full of trouble and remorse passed over his face."

Thus intensely did both love, yet neither seemed to know, or, knowing, dared to express, thoughts and feelings which evidently are only awaiting words of utterance. The lengthened dalliance, or dilly-dallying we might as well say, becomes monotonously tiresome to the reader, and must have been so to the two lovers long before Miss Kavanagh allows the electro-biological circle to be completed by open avowal of matrimonially-disposed affection. When the happy time at length arrives, the following glowing picture is given of Daisy's feelings on her wedding evening, a piece of word-painting which an Irish authoress alone could manage so well:

"We were married very quietly one sunny summer morning; then we bade Kate adieu for a fortnight, which we were to spend in Rock Cottage. It was her darling wish that we should go there, and we gratified her."

"I remember well how strangely I felt when we reached my old home, now ours. It was not a year since I had left it, but it seemed ages. Everywhere we found touching tokens of the recent presence of Kate, and of her thoughtful tenderness. The sun was setting; we watched it from the bench beneath the pine trees, and never—so at least it seemed to me, and it cannot have been a fancy of mine, for Cornelius said so too—never had the sun set more gloriously, or the sea looked more beautiful than on this the eve of our marriage day."

"As in the visions of olden prophets, the cloudless heavens before us seemed to open, revealing depths of blazing light with long golden rays that, as they departed from the sun, grew paler, until they faded into the deep evening blue. From the cliff whence we looked down, we saw the heavy billows of the sea rolling away towards the far horizon, and touched with a changing light that seemed both alive and burning."

"The glowing heavens were still; the voice of the ocean was murmuring and low; the land breeze was silent, and thus, looking at the two vast solitudes of sea and sky, we forgot earth beneath and behind us, as we sometimes forget life in the contemplation of eternity. I do not think I ever felt existence less than I did then, though so near to him whom I yet loved with every faculty of my being. But there is in true happiness something sublime that raises the soul far beyond mortality."

"If I felt anything in that hour, it was that the glorious ideal world which lay before us was not more lovely or more ideal than the new world which I now entered; and where, in this life and the next, I hoped to dwell for ever with Cornelius. For to those who love purely, love is its own world, its own solitude, its own new-created Eden, green and pleasant, where they abide, a new-born Adam and Eve, without the temptation and the fall, their hearts filled with the tenderness, their souls overflowing with the adoration of Heaven."

"I know at least, that sitting thus by Cornelius, my hand in his, my eyes like his watching that broad, tranquil sun slowly going down to rest, I had never felt more deeply religious, more conscious of God in my heart. As the bright disk dipped in the long line of the cool-looking sea, then sank rapidly, and at length vanished beneath the deep wave; as dark clouds advanced across the sky, and the beautiful vision was lost in the purple shadows of coming night, I felt that the earthly sun might set, but that within me dwelt the peace and loveliness of an eternal dawn."

"When the chill sea-breeze began to sweep down the coast, Cornelius made me rise. Through the green garden we walked back to the house."

Miss Kavanagh's style, though chiefly marked by warmth and depth of feeling, is not without cleverness and wit, but her attempts at such a tone are not always successful. The sketches of old Mr. Thornton, Daisy's grand-

father, an eccentric old man, and an enthusiastic entomologist, are too much caricatured to be amusing. Some of the oddest specimens of human nature are certainly found among naturalists, but an old heartless fool like Mr. Thornton we hope it would be impossible to meet with even among the learned societies. A more happy specimen of Miss Kavanagh's light descriptions is in the following account of the school at which Daisy was placed by Cornelius:—

"After a long drive, we stopped at the door of the Misses Clapperton."

"They resided in a detached villa, very Moorish-looking, with windows small enough to satisfy even the jealousy of a Turk, a flat roof admirably calculated for taking cold on, and a turret that threateningly overlooked a classic villa opposite, and gave the whole building a fortified, chivalric, arabesque air, confirmed by its euphonious name—Alhambra Lodge. I knew the Alhambra through the medium of Geoffrey Crayon, and devoutly hoped it did not resemble this. On the left of the Alhambra arose an imitation old English cottage, with tiny gable-ends and transversal beams artistically painted on the walls; on the right a Swiss chalet told a whole story of pastoral innocence, and made one transform into an English 'Ranz des Vaches' the cry of 'milk from the cow' coming up the street; further on arose a Gothic mansion—but peace be with the domestic architecture of England! We were received in a comfortable-looking parlour—not in the least Moorish—by Miss Mary Clapperton. She was short, deformed, grotesquely plain, but had a happy, good-natured face, and intelligent black eyes, of bird-like liveliness. She spoke volubly, called me 'a dear,' and laughed and chatted at an amazing rate. We had scarcely sat down, when her sister, Ann Clapperton, entered the room. She proved to be the very counterpart of Mary. There never was such a perfect likeness, even to their voice and their very expressions. As they dressed alike they puzzled every one. All the time I was with them, I never could know which was which; to this day I remember them as a compound individual, answering to the name of Mary-Ann Clapperton."

Although 'Daisy Burns' as a story is fairly open to severe criticism, its style is such as to ensure its being a favourite with many readers. Had Miss Kavanagh exercised a little more ingenuity of invention, and taken more materials for the construction of her story, she would not have taxed her own powers so much, and would have tried the patience of some of her readers less.

Two Thousand Miles' Ride through the Argentine Provinces. By William McCann. Smith, Elder, and Co.

To those who, untempted by the golden allurements of Australia or California, may desire to emigrate to a land of cattle farms, and of comparative repose, this narrative of a ride in the Argentine Provinces of South America is of invaluable interest. Possessed already with some knowledge and experience of the country, Mr. McCann performed, in 1848, two extensive journeys of nearly a thousand miles each, one to the south and the other to the north of Buenos Ayres; and the incidents of his adventures, whether riding over the plain with his companions Don Pepe and Don José, and their troppola of horses, or carousing with the settlers at their estancias around a spitted sheep and pumpkins, are related with interest, with practical value, and with amusement. Our traveller started from the gay capital of the Argentine Republic on a fine spring morning, with his guide mounted in the true Spanish-American fashion, bridle-reins of plaited raw hide, with

saddle of sheep-skin, hide, and woollen quilt; and thus equipped they set off southward across the Pampas. Their first halting-place was Quilmes, formerly the head-quarters of a tribe of Indians, but now inhabited by many industrious families with farms, gardens, and vineyards, of whom the following is an example:—

"I entered the house of Mr. Clark with feelings allied to those of home: everything had the appearance of English comfort and English industry. I walked through the garden and grounds, which were in beautiful order, and stocked with a profusion of vegetables; neat strong fences, and good paling, enclosed rich paddocks; some Scotch ploughs and harrows had just turned up the finest land I ever saw—a rich black loam, fit to produce anything; the yards were alive with domestic fowls and herds of swine; large ricks of hay stood in an adjoining field; while healthy, happy Irish women were busied with milk vessels. At this convenient distance from the city, every thing may be turned into money; and Mr. Clark is one of the few men who know how to make the most of everything. Beef, mutton, pigs, fowls, fruit, vegetables, butter, eggs, grass, hay, firewood, all find a ready sale; and, with the exception of butchers' meat, at prices far beyond those of London or Paris. The greatest drawback is the road, which in winter becomes almost impassable. Close to the farmyard is a *fabrica* for boiling-down (or rather steaming) cattle; the vats are of wrought iron, made in England, and large enough to contain a hundred oxen. The people in Mr. Clark's employment are chiefly Irish, who are industrious, and save nearly all their wages; the number of persons employed may be guessed from the fact that, for the maintenance of his household, Mr. Clark usually kills an ox every third day, besides sheep."

Within twenty miles round Buenos Ayres land is not worth more than from thirty to forty shillings an acre, and the estancias or cattle farms are stocked with sheep at a price that is truly marvellous. Upon visiting an American gentleman, at the distance of about another twenty miles, our traveller was shown a flock of sheep which the owner had lately purchased in the south at three shillings a dozen. "The idea of a family," says Mr. McCann, "feasting upon a fat sheep costing only threepence, and this within forty miles of the city of Buenos Ayres." But here is a still more notable instance of sheep-farming:—

"On our way we stopped for the night at the house of Mr. M. Handy, who is from the south of Ireland, and has acquired celebrity amongst his countrymen by the versatility of his talents; being known to fame by various titles: sometimes he is plain Mr. Handy, at other times Irish Mike, and not unfrequently the 'Duke of Leinster.' He is not only good-tempered and facetious, but an intelligent and prosperous man; the possessor of a splendid sheep-farm, with a good house surrounded by plantations, a handsome wife, and a fine family of children, who have a tutor to instruct them. Surrounded by such elements of happiness, could he be otherwise than contented? He had lately been in the south buying sheep, where, by good management and a little patience, he obtained eight thousand at *eighteenpence per dozen*!—four copper rials each. His homeward journey of about two hundred miles, with his purchase, was accomplished in thirty days; during which he consumed and lost on the way less than a hundred of that enormous flock. As soon as the sheep became fattened on his own lands, he killed about a thousand, sold the fleeces at five shillings and threepence per dozen, and with the mutton he fed a herd of swine."

Horses, too, are plentiful, but for taming the wild ones some severity and not a little courage is necessary:—

"No animal varies so much in price as the

horse. A troop of wild mares, colts, and fillies of all ages, good and bad together, are worth, one with another, ten dollars, or three shillings sterling, each; picked, unbroken colts, fetch fifty dollars, or fifteen shillings, each; but purchased in lots of a hundred and upwards, they are sold for thirty dollars, or nine shillings, each. Colts broken in, vary in price from one hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars each; but here, as in England, there is no limit to the price paid for a docile, handsome, and serviceable horse."

The use of the lazo in the open pampas affords all the excitement of the bull-fights of Madrid without the pungent horrors:—

"The cattle having reached the rodeo, an ox had to be selected for the household, and I very naturally wondered how he was to be caught; as we were on a boundless plain, and for aught I knew the animal might lead us a chase as far as Patagonia, there being no obstacle to hinder him. Mr. Taylor rode in amongst the herd, and after some minutes fixed his choice on a prime young bullock; but no sooner did the animal find that he was an object of attention, and that an attempt was made to separate him from the herd, than he tossed up his head and appeared determined to show sport. The horsemen, endeavouring to surround him, approached closer and closer, but in doing so, the whole herd became alarmed and in a ferment; and the animal, being closely pressed, escaped, bounding away across the plains. Three horsemen gave chase; a youth on a brown colt took the lead, and appeared to gain on the beast. I galloped off at a right angle to get a good view, when presently the youth gathered up the lazo, and we watched its gyrations as steadily and gracefully he swung it round his head in widening circles. Both the pursued and the pursuer were soon at the top of their speed, as if struggling for life; the horseman gained a little; the fatal noose was thrown, but just as it appeared to reach the bullock's horns, the beast suddenly wheeled round and charged me furiously. I rode off as rapidly as possible, without so much as looking behind me, and was almost out of sight of my companions, before I had the courage to draw bridle; while the bullock, as if despising my cowardice, turned and finally joined the herd.

"Again the horsemen approached, and again, after breaking cover, the beast took to the plains, four horsemen giving chase. Don Pepe, who now took the lead, mounted on a swift and powerful grey colt, is a dexterous hand at the lazo, and appeared to gain on the animal. As he approached the game, he began to give momentum to the lazo by gently swinging it around his head, when the ox, as if instinctively apprehending danger, gave a slight curve; the horse, faithful to his charge, followed in the course. Every moment the chase became thrilling with excitement, until finally the noose was thrown with unerring precision, and reached the horns of the animal; instantly the horse halted and prepared for the shock. The ox, now mad with terror, and at the full stretch of his speed, reached the end of the coil, and was thrown on the ground, literally rolling over and over; but with fearful bellowings he gained his feet in a moment, tossing up his head and plunging most violently in his endeavours to get loose. Another lazo was then thrown over his horns, and thus held from opposite sides he allowed himself to be drawn for a long distance, bellowing and plunging all the way, until he reached a convenient place, where he was despatched."

In the absence of road-side inns there is no lack of hospitality among the people. As an example we may quote our traveller's account of the manner in which he passed the night at the village of Dolores:—

"Early in the afternoon, espying a good-looking residence on a rising ground, we resolved to rest there for the night. The occupants were a bachelor and his sister, who, as usual, invited us to enter, and desired us to make all they had our own.

Our host and hostess were the owners of the estancia, which was a league and a-half square, and well stocked with cattle and sheep. We were now so far from the place where we had bought our horses that we thought there was no danger of their returning home, if we allowed them to go unfettered; but it was, however, necessary to keep one of them near the house, tied by one leg to a long rope. Our host desired us to bring our saddles, &c., into the cook-house, the sides of which were plastered, but the ends were open, leaving the winds a free passage. In the centre of the floor a space about four feet square was enclosed with sheep's trotters sunk in the ground, allowing them to project about three or four inches; the fire was fed with sticks, dried weeds, bones, and fat. Along one side of the house posts were sunk in the ground, about two feet high, on which sticks were lashed with slips of raw hide; and upon these were placed an ox hide, which served as our bed. As soon as our baggage was stowed away, I walked out before sunset, and in my round counted twelve large dogs belonging to the house. To my great surprise I met with an Indian, whom I found to be one of a company who had come from the direction of Tapalqueen to buy mares for food. Horse-flesh is their favourite meat, and mares they get very cheap, particularly if they be old, for the natives would not be seen mounted upon them; nor will the government allow mares to be killed unless by special license. The Indians bring salt, which they gather along the saline lakes; also ponchos, bridle-reins, and other articles of their own manufacture, which they barter. For a bag of salt weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds, they obtain one mare, but for a poncho they will perhaps get fifteen or twenty mares. These men had finished their traffic and were returning homewards with about two hundred and fifty mares young and old.

"Having stretched my limbs by walking for some time, which is most refreshing after a long ride, I returned to the cook-house, where I found the mistress preparing our supper. There were two spits stuck in the ground, obliquely leaning over the fire, each bearing the side of a sheep. One person after another dropped in, who with the servants made a company of eight; we sat round the fire on low blocks of wood about five or six inches high, and watched the progress of cooking supper. A very large pumpkin was cut in two, and the halves placed on edge in the ashes; afterwards they were filled with hot cinders and nicely baked; the mistress then cleaned the ashes out of the pumpkin with an iron spoon, and stuck each spit in the ground at opposite corners of the fire-place, so that four of us could easily reach one spit; a little water was put into a cow's horn with salt, which was sprinkled over the meat; and a candle placed in a bottle lighted the entertainment. When all was ready, we drew out our knives, and attacked the sheep vigorously; the pumpkin also soon disappeared. No doubt the Indians, who were close to us in a tent, despatched one of their horses just as speedily, and with as much gusto as we disposed of the sheep. We then partook of maté, which is as necessary to these people as tea to the English."

The Indians, of which the author gives a very complete account, are described as being extremely filthy in their habits, reminding one almost of the Esquimaux, but dress appears to have its charms:—

"The females are excellent equestrians also, being in the habit of taking their commodities on horseback to the markets. They likewise wear two cloaks, either of deep blue or red colour; one, called the 'quedeto,' is fastened upon the shoulders with pins, and covers the entire figure down to the heels, leaving only the arms bare. Round the waist they wear a ribbon of about a palm or less in width, called a 'quepique,' secured by a buckle, made of different coloured beads, called 'comos'; this is one of the ornaments which they take most pride in displaying. In addition they wear another cloak, or square piece, named an 'iquilla,' over the shoulders; it is fastened by a bodkin, the

head of which is formed of a circle of silver termed a 'tupo.'

"Round the throat are worn necklaces, sometimes consisting of more than twenty strings of 'comos,' in the form of rosaries, and of different coloured 'llancatus,' or beads. On the arms they wear bracelets of the same, and likewise round the legs anklets, or 'quichiques.' For the head they work plaits of beads similar to those upon the wrists; forming a coil, in the shape of a tortoise or turtle shell, called 'tapagne,' to which is attached a small bell, which tinkles as they walk."

Where cattle is so abundant the traveller thinks nothing of lazing one out of a herd to provide himself a steak. Carcasses are thus not unfrequently left to rot upon the field; but how promptly does nature provide her busy scavengers to remove the offal. Don Pepe brought down a cow on one occasion to satisfy the cravings of the hour:—

"While standing by the side of the carcass, before the hide was stripped off, I was astonished, on looking round, to observe that the caranchias, and other carrion hawks, were flocking towards us from all points of the compass, and at such distances that I could not even guess how far the smell must have extended: as far, however, as the eye could reach the birds might be seen on the wing approaching the feast. The rapid diffusion through the atmosphere of exhalations from the blood and animal matter, as well as the keen sense of smelling in these birds, were strikingly manifested upon this occasion. Although I could not ascertain the distance whence these hawks came, it appeared to me that the odours from the carcass must have been borne on the air as rapidly as sound travels. Having cut off the tenderest part of the beef, we left the carcass to the birds, and mounting, went in search of water."

The second volume of Mr. McCann's work is occupied with his journey northward, but from this we have not room to quote. In conclusion we must extract some account of the 'Lenten entertainments' of Buenos Ayres, at which the author was present on his return from his southern ride. Handbills were posted on the churches, promising ten indulgences to all who would partake in them, so the motley and irreverent fun was fast and furious:—

"Holy Week is observed with especial sanctity in Buenos Ayres: every day has its particular pageant and ceremonies; while religious shows are met with on every side. Passing down one of the streets on Monday evening during the last week of Lent, I observed some people assembling near Merced church, and entering it I beheld three figures, nearly as large as life, elevated on platforms, and surmounted by canopies adorned with tinsel and artificial flowers. One near the door represented the Virgin in white robes, holding a chalice in one hand, and a book in the other; in the centre of the nave was a figure of Christ being scourged; near the altar was the image of a female saint. Along the sides of the nave, women, mostly of the poorer class, were reclining or kneeling on slips of carpet; some with prayer-books, others with beads; but all engaged in devotion: the object that most attracted their attention being the figure of Christ. Monks, novitiate nuns, and attendant boys, moved about, as if busily employed.

"Musicians, with violins and other instruments, now entered the church from a door near the altar, followed by monks and other ecclesiastics, in their richest robes. The people then raised the images on their shoulders, the violins were played, and the procession advanced up the nave to the west door; on entering the street it was joined by an officer's guard, and paraded the city, two bands of music playing at intervals. Around the figures were men and boys carrying lighted candles and burning lamps fastened to lofty poles. At stated intervals the music ceased, the procession halted,

and monks appointed for the purpose chanted with loud but harmonious voices. Two or more attendants, each carrying a large crucifix, received the offerings of the faithful, which were chiefly copper coins of small value. In consequence of a few drops of rain, the usual streets were not perambulated, and the procession returned to the church.

"Tuesday and Wednesday were days observed in all the churches. Priests with their attendants were busily occupied in preparing platforms, canopies, and all the accessories necessary to an imposing display of Roman Catholic ceremonies. The Franciscan church presented an impressive scene: the building, with its lofty dome and massive pillars, spacious nave, and long and gloomy aisles, excited feelings of awe and reverence suited to the occasion. Priests at the high altar in the distance were engaged in various ceremonies; while monks, in the sober garb of their order, moved silently around. Nearly all the worshippers were women, whose subdued accents, while devoutly repeating their prayers, produced an unearthly sound.

"On Holy Thursday the city was perfectly noiseless, the police having given orders that all business should cease from Wednesday night to Saturday morning. Families, therefore, had previously to supply themselves with necessities, as neither carts nor horsemen dare appear in the streets. Even the church bells were not tolled.

"At this festival there is much rivalry among the ecclesiastics in ornamenting their churches and images. About twenty of the latter were decorated and placed in the open air, on pedestals four or five feet high; around them were men, women, and children, on their knees, repeating aves or telling their beads. Before retiring, the worshippers approached the figure, and bent the knee, kissing some tassel hanging from the robes; and occasionally men and boys were heard begging money for their favourite saint: they collected considerable sums, although each person may give only a few coppers.

"Under the portico of the Cabildo, which was decorated with drapery, carpeting, and flowering shrubs, were two figures of Christ and the Virgin; Christ being represented with emaciated countenance, wearing a crimson robe and crown of thorns, and bearing a cross on his shoulders; the Virgin wearing a tiara of tinsel, a muslin shawl, and black velvet cloak trimmed with broad gold lace. Near the Jesuits' church was another image of Christ similarly arrayed; and on the opposite side of the street was a raised cross, ten feet high, painted black, with ropes of worsted hanging from the top, and a ladder by its side. In another street was the figure of a negress, attired in white robes, decked with gold and silver lace and trinkets, holding in her arms a white baby. In the vestibule of the college church was the image of a saint, dressed in a jacket and petticoats, with a small violin or kit hanging from her girdle, probably meant for Saint Cecilia.

"At night the town was all alive: streams of people were passing to and from the churches; the images in the open air were lighted up with lamps and candles, and surrounded with groups of devout women and children on their knees. Pulpits had been erected in some parts of the town, into which the piously disposed might enter, for the purpose of reading aloud passages from the Missal for the edification of the assemblage.

"On Friday night, a long procession slowly advanced from the front of the Merced church, across the Plaza Victoria, attended by a large concourse of people; the procession being distinguished by the image of a female in deep mourning, under a richly-ornamented canopy, borne on men's shoulders, and followed by a military band and an officer's guard of foot soldiers; the people, as before, bearing lighted candles, wax tapers, and lamps. The light of numerous lamps in the open air, the sounds of instrumental music, and of the vesper hymn chanted by monks, had a very striking effect. Upon another occasion a procession with images moved round the Franciscan church, the

streets being thickly covered with wild fennel, which emits, when pressed, an agreeable odour; while incense from burning censers sent forth clouds of fragrant perfumes.

"On Saturday at noon, Christ was represented as ascending from the tomb. The city, which a moment before was silent as death, resounded with rejoicing: bells rang forth merry peals; fireworks exploded, and private and public bands of music struck up in every quarter.

"At night the streets were all life and gaiety: in some places the people amused themselves by burning effigies of Judas Iscariot; and, in the Alameda, a large gallows was erected, from which hung a colossal figure of the betrayer, with tar barrels burning around; the effigy was filled with fireworks, which, from time to time, exploded, while rockets illumined the scene and amused the shouting crowd."

Mr. McCann's volumes present an admirable account of life in the Argentine Provinces, and we have read them with unfeigned interest.

Civil Wars and Monarchy in France, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Leopold Ranke. Translated by M. A. Garvey. Bentley.

[Second Notice.]

WE resume our notice of Professor Ranke's history of the French civil war with his account of the origin of the League:—

"There is a little cabinet in the Castle of Joinville which has long been pointed out as the chamber in which the League was formed. In the middle of January there were assembled there the two delegates of the King of Spain, Tassis and Moreo, who had carried on the negotiations, the Dukes of Guise and Mayenne, who at the same time represented the Cardinal Guise and the Dukes of Aumale and Elboeuf, and besides these a delegate from the Cardinal of Bourbon. They concluded the Convention with some secret articles which have hitherto remained almost unknown. The sense of both is as follows."

"Proceeding from the fundamental principle that a heretic could not be King of France, they declare themselves of one mind that the crown shall not pass to the King of Navarre, but to his uncle, the Cardinal of Bourbon, a younger brother of King Anthony, who by his plenipotentiary joined the League and adopted this claim. Further, their union is intended to effect the complete extirpation of Protestantism, not only in France, but in the Netherlands also. The King of Spain promised for the first year a subsidy of one million scudi. The French princes, on the other hand, regarding themselves as already in possession of the royal authority, bound themselves to renounce the alliance with the Turks, as well as the system of piracy carried on in the West Indian waters; to restore Cambray, and to assist in completing the conquest of the Netherlands. In a few special articles they add some other very extraordinary conditions. They promise to deliver Anthony the Prior of Crato into the hands of the King of Spain, but under stipulations that, although he is to be kept in secure custody, he is to be treated with kindness. On the declination of the King of Navarre from the Catholic religion, they formed the further design of putting the King of Spain in possession of all his territories beyond the frontiers of France, as Lower Navarre and Béarn. Guise and Mayenne bound themselves for the delivery of the Prior, and the Cardinal of Bourbon undertook for the residue of Navarre, so decisively did the territorial interests of Spain influence the formation of this treaty. Philip judged that he has not only promoting the cause of religion but also advancing the interests of his kingdom, when he sent to the confederates large sums of money, which placed them in a condition to prepare for the contest."

Henry III., who was now upon the throne, had a difficult part to play against the dominating power of the Guises and of the Spanish

influence of Philip II. on the one hand, and against the dreaded ascendancy of the Huguenots on the other. When the war broke out anew in 1586 the King still hoped to subdue both,—to damp the ardour of the Huguenots, to coerce the Guises, and to carry into full execution his own Catholic and governmental ideas. The Catholics in France were then divided into two parties, the distinguishing principles of which will be readily understood by all who observe the political movements of our own times. There was the ultramontane party devoted to the See of Rome, and prepared to sacrifice everything, even the independence and power of France, to the interests of the Papacy. At the head of this faction was the Queen Mother, Marie de' Medici, the Guises, and the Court, which was entirely under the influence of Philip of Spain. The King, with the Gallican Church, which from the earliest times had shown a spirit of opposition to the domination of Rome in temporal affairs, strove to maintain the national independence and greatness. It was this spirit of nationality which, at a later epoch, induced the alliance of the Catholic Richelieu with the Protestant Gustavus the Great to oppose Austrian power and Papal influence in Europe. The Huguenots were strong enough to hold the balance of power between these two factions; and after the vicissitudes of the civil war, Henry of Navarre, who had been the leader of the Protestants, by his nominal conversion to the Catholic faith, succeeded in uniting the elements of the French national party, and the power of the ultramontane Papal faction was for a time destroyed. Carrying along this statement, as the key to the complicated movements of parties throughout the civil war, the reader will understand the course of events which gradually led to the baffling of the machinations of the League, and the union of all loyal and patriotic Frenchmen under the reign of Henry IV. When Henry declared his willingness to become a Catholic, it was a sacrifice of religious profession for what he deemed the higher good of political unity. We say religious profession, not religious principle, because Henry was never more than nominally either a Protestant or a Catholic. There was a change of external creed, but no personal change of feeling or of conduct. Professor Ranke gives what we are convinced was the true motive of Henry's embracing the Catholic faith:—

"All the constituted authorities of the kingdom were Catholic, the exceptions being so few as to make no essential difference. And was not the Catholic Church after all, in reference to doctrine, order, and usage, the same ancient Church which it had ever been? No one could deny the corruption of morals and the abuses of discipline which prevailed amongst the clergy; these however it was not for the Huguenots to reform, but for him, the King, the temporal head of the Church. Perhaps God had raised him up to re-establish the general unity once more; but before he could interfere with the Church, he must again stand forth as the eldest son of the Church.

"To these general reasons were added the special circumstances of the moment. To found his state upon the attachment of the nobility alone, he was told, would be impossible, for no one could tell how long it would endure; at present he had the opportunity of winning over to his side the towns, which only waited for the occasion to exclude him; would he only recant, the wanted support of the clergy would not fail him; he would be master of the three Estates, but if not, it was to be apprehended that another king might be set up in opposition to him.

"In fact, the adherents of young Guise and the Spaniards were now occupied most zealously with such a project, and certainly it behoved Henry not to allow matters to proceed to that point. An Anti-King, once named, might in process of time become the nucleus of all the antagonistic elements. There was a spell in the royal title; and how easily might the reflux of the Spanish tide bring to the League an amount of support and power far greater than what it now possessed! An intestine war without end would be the consequence.

"But would it not be an advantage to the Protestants themselves, should a prince ascend the throne who had belonged to them, who had risen by their aid, and was united to them by many ties? Their cause would succeed by that means in a manner totally different from what would have been otherwise possible; thus closely connected with the political power it could never again, as all believed, assume a persecuting character towards them. With Henry IV. the principle of toleration, which had been maintained in a few provinces, would appear to take possession of the French throne. In his person would lie the mediation of that opposition which could not otherwise be brought to an arbitration. This would be however a decision affecting not France alone, but all Europe."

The declaration of Henry IV. himself was, that in renouncing Protestantism he sacrificed his convictions to his duty. The pacification of France, and the re-establishment of the balance of political power in Europe, he regarded as his mission. To the Huguenots, he privately represented the advantages they would derive from his new position, when the persecuting edicts of the papal party would be repealed, and full toleration would be granted by the Catholic King of France. The Pope refused to grant the absolution necessary for his being received into the bosom of the Church, and he therefore sought and obtained it in the Church of St. Denis, from the royalist Archbishop of Bourges, which widened still more the breach between the Ultramontane and the Gallican Catholics. The wise policy of the step was soon apparent. The French people at once regarded Henry IV. as the champion of their national independence, and at the same time as their rescuer from the disorders and desolations of war. The leaders of the League met together, and bound themselves to continued resistance, Spanish and Italian succour being promised. But their moral power was now broken. Many who were wearied of the civil troubles only awaited the declaration of Henry to obtain an honourable plea for their secession from the League:—

"The first distinguished military leader who resolved to go over from the League to the King, was a man who had left him on his accession, because, as he said, he could not serve a Huguenot. He now declared that since the King had become a Catholic, there was no longer any lawful reason to refuse him obedience, and that to make war against him would be not a religious movement, but an act of ambition and usurpation. This was Vitry, the governor of Meaux. The town, whose keys he delivered up, followed his example voluntarily. The Spaniards were doubly sensitive to the loss of this place, because it was the key to the connexion between Paris and the Netherlands.

"The next to follow Vitry's example was one of the most trusted adherents of the Guises, La Chastre, who delivered Orléans and Bourges into the hands of Henry IV. He assigned it as his reason for this step, that the inhabitants were apprehensive of falling under foreign dominion, and that the maintenance of religion was now secured. He admonished Guise, at the same time, no longer to allow himself to be betrayed by foreigners.

"Feria lays the blame of both these secessions upon Mayenne, who had been warned in vain, and who, he says, might have easily come to the assist-

ance of the Catholics of Orléans, had he wished, but instead of that he made the Béarnais King.

"Lyons, through the disunion of the Leaguers, soon fell into the hands of Henry IV. The Parliament of Aix began again to deliver legal judgments in his name. The Romish court had once more rejected Henry's declaration of obedience, not without official harshness: this did not prevent the French however from gathering round their King. His coronation, which took place at Chartres on the 27th of February, 1594, was performed in a spirit of opposition to Rome; for, it was said, it would be an admission which would render the rights of the Crown doubtful, were this ceremony postponed because the absolution of the Pope had not been granted."

With the coronation of the King the work closes, the concluding paragraph containing a quiet sarcasm upon the political versatility of the French nation:—

"Paris, Orléans, and Rouen had always been regarded as the three chief cities of the League; they were all now in the hands of the King. The cities of Picardy soon followed them. It happened then as it always has happened in France: a common impulse had actuated men in joining the League, another now led them back to obedience; no one could explain to himself the reason of the alteration in his mind. This universal change of disposition was at that time designated by the word Revolution."

Professor Ranke's work is certainly the best that has yet been written on this important period of French history.

My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life.
By Pisistratus Caxton. Blackwood & Sons.

[Second Notice.]

THE sketch of John Burley, the brilliant and dissolute literary man, forms one of the most striking episodes in this delightful book. He is first introduced in a passage of considerable humour. Leonard, the young peasant poet, is sitting on the banks of the Brent with Helen Digby,—

"A belated angler appeared on the margin, drawing his line impatiently across the water, as if to worry some dozing fish into a bite before it finally settled itself for the night. Absorbed in his occupation, the angler did not observe the young persons on the sward under the tree, and he halted there, close upon them.

"'Curse that perch!' said he aloud. * * *
'It is the most extraordinary perch, that!' muttered the stranger, soliloquising. 'It has the devil's own luck. It must have been born with a silver spoon in its mouth, that damned perch! I shall never catch it—never! Ha!—no—only a weed. I give it up.' With this, he indignantly jerked his rod from the water, and began to disjoint it. While leisurely engaged in this occupation, he turned to Leonard.

"'Humph! are you intimately acquainted with this stream, sir?'

"'No,' answered Leonard. 'I never saw it before.'

"'Angler, (solemnly.)—'Then, young man, take my advice, and do not give way to its fascinations. Sir, I am a martyr to this stream; it has been the Delilah of my existence.'

"'Leonard, (interested, the last sentence seemed to him poetical.)—'The Delilah! Sir, the Delilah!'

"'Angler.—'The Delilah. Young man, listen, and be warned by example. When I was about your age, I first came to this stream to fish. Sir, on that fatal day, about 3 p.m., I hooked up a fish—such a big one, it must have weighed a pound and a half. Sir, it was that length; and the angler put finger to wrist. And just when I had got it nearly ashore, by the very place where you are sitting, on that shelving bank, young man, the line broke, and the perch twisted himself among those roots, and—cacodemon that he was—ran off,

hook and all. Well, that fish haunted me; never before had I seen such a fish. Minnows I had caught in the Thames and elsewhere, also gudgeons, and occasionally a dace. But a fish like that—a PERCH—all his fins up, like the sails of a man-of-war—a monster perch—a whale of a perch!—No, never till then had I known what leviathans lie hid within the deeps. I could not sleep till I had returned; and again, sir,—I caught that perch. And this time I pulled him fairly out of the water. He escaped; and how did he escape? Sir, he left his eye behind him on the hook. Years, long years, have passed since then; but never shall I forget the agony of that moment.'

"'Leonard.—'To the perch, sir?'

"'Angler.—'Perch! agony to him! He enjoyed it:—agony to me. I gazed on that eye, and the eye looked as sly and as wicked as if it was laughing in my face. Well, sir, I had heard that there is no better bait for a perch than a perch's eye. I adjusted that eye on the hook, and dropped in the line gently. The water was unusually clear; in two minutes I saw that perch return. He approached the hook; he recognised his eye—frisked his tail—made a plunge—and, as I live, carried off the eye, safe and sound; and I saw him digesting it by the side of that water-lily. The mocking fiend! Seven times since that day, in the course of a varied and eventful life, have I caught that perch, and seven times has that perch escaped.'

"'Leonard, (astonished.)—'It can't be the same perch; perches are very tender fish—a hook inside of it, and an eye hooked out of it—no perch could withstand such havoc in its constitution.'

"'Angler, (with an appearance of awe.)—'It does seem supernatural. But it is that perch; for harkye, sir, there is *only one* perch in the whole brook! All the years I have fished here, I have never caught another perch; and this solitary inmate of the watery element I know by sight better than I knew my own lost father. For each time that I have raised it out of the water, its profile has been turned to me, and I have seen, with a shudder, that it has had only—One Eye! It is a most mysterious and a most diabolical phenomenon that perch! It has been the ruin of my prospects in life. I was offered a situation in Jamaica: I could not go, with that perch left here in triumph. I might afterwards have had an appointment in India, but I could not put the ocean between myself and that perch: thus have I frittered away my existence in the fatal metropolis of my native land. And, once a-week, from February to December, I come hither—Good Heavens! if I should catch the perch at last, the occupation of my existence will be gone.'

"'Leonard gazed curiously at the angler, as the last thus mournfully concluded. The ornate turn of his periods did not suit with his costume. He looked woefully threadbare and shabby—a genteel sort of shabbiness too—shabbiness in black. There was humour in the corners of his lip; and his hands, though they did not seem very clean—indeed his occupation was not friendly to such niceties—were those of a man who had not known manual labour. His face was pale and puffed, but the tip of the nose was red. He did not seem as if the watery element was as familiar to himself as to his Delilah—the perch.'

This eccentric angler, a man of great natural powers, wrecked by dissipation, after being expelled from the university, and losing an udership because of drunkenness, becomes a writer for a London newspaper.

"At college he had known Audley Egerton, though but slightly: that gentleman was then just rising into repute in Parliament. Burley sympathised with some question on which Audley had distinguished himself, and wrote a very good article thereon—an article so good that Egerton inquired into the authorship, found out Burley, and resolved in his own mind to provide for him whenever he himself came into office. But Burley was a man whom it was impossible to provide for. He soon lost his connexion with the newspaper. First, he was so irregular that he could never be depended upon. Secondly, he had strange honest eccentric

twists of thinking, that could coalesce with the thoughts of no party in the long run. An article of his, inadvertently admitted, had horrified all the proprietors, staff, and readers of the paper. It was diametrically opposite to the principles the paper advocated, and compared its pet politician to Cataline. Then John Burley shut himself up and wrote books. He wrote two or three books, very clever, but not at all to the popular taste—abstract and learned, full of whims that were *caviare* to the multitude, and larded with Greek. Nevertheless they obtained for him a little money, and among literary men some reputation. Now Audley Egerton came into power, and got him, though with great difficulty—for there were many prejudices against this scampish harum-scarum son of the Muses—a place in a public office. He kept it about a month, and then voluntarily resigned it. ‘My crust of bread and liberty!’ quoth John Burley, and he vanished into a garret. From that time to the present he lived—Heaven knows how. Literature is a business, like everything else; John Burley grew more and more incapable of business. ‘He could not do taskwork,’ he said; he wrote when the whim seized him, or when the last penny was in his pouch, or when he was actually in the spunging-house or the Fleet—migrations which occurred to him, on an average, twice a year. He could generally sell what he had positively written, but no one would engage him beforehand. Magazines and other periodicals were very glad to have his articles, on the condition that they were anonymous; and his style was not necessarily detected, for he could vary it with the facility of a practised pen.

‘He was most resolutely his own enemy, it is true, but he could hardly be said to be any one else’s. Even when he criticised some more fortunate writer, he was good-humoured in his very satire: he had no bile, no envy. And as for freedom from malignant personalities, he might have been a model to all critics.’

‘The most debased point about him was certainly the incorrigible vice of drinking, and with it the usual concomitant of that vice—the love of low company. To be King of the Bohemians—to dazzle by his wild humour, and sometimes to exalt by his fanciful eloquence, the rude gross natures that gathered round him—this was a royalty that repaid him for all sacrifice of solid dignity; a foolscap crown that he would not have changed for an emperor’s diadem. Indeed, to appreciate rightly the talents of John Burley, it was necessary to hear him talk on such occasions. As a writer, after all, he was only now capable of unequal desultory efforts. But as a talker, in his own wild way, he was original and matchless. And the gift of talk is one of the most dangerous gifts a man can possess for his own sake—the applause is so immediate, and gained with so little labour. Lower, and lower, and lower, had sunk John Burley, not only in the opinion of all who knew his name, but in the habitual exercise of his talents. And this seemed wilfully—from choice. He would write for some unstamped journal of the populace, out of the pale of the law, for pence, when he could have got pounds from journals of high repute. He was very fond of scribbling off penny ballads, and then standing in the street to hear them sung.’

The novelist shows us this wayward compound of Porson and Maginn in one of those orgies at a London night tavern—for which health, talents, character, have been, and are still, so constantly sacrificed.

‘And the company! Indescribable! Comedians, from small theatres, out of employ; pale haggard-looking boys, probably the sons of worthy traders, trying their best to break their fathers’ hearts; here and there the marked features of a Jew. Now and then you might see the curious puzzled face of some greenhorn about town, or perhaps a Cantab; and men of grave age, and grey-haired, were there, and amongst them a wondrous proportion of caruncled faces and bottle noses. And when John Burley entered, there was

a shout that made William Pitt shake in his frame. Such stamping and hallooing, and such hurrahs for ‘Burly John.’ And the gentleman who had filled the great high leathern chair in his absence gave it up to John Burley; and Leonard, with his grave observant eye, and lip half sad and half scornful, placed himself by the side of his introducer. There was a nameless expectant stir through the assembly, as there is in the pit of the opera when some great singer advances to the lamps, and begins, ‘*Di tanti palpiti*.’ Time flies. Look at the Dutch clock over the door. Half-an-hour! John Burley begins to warm. A yet quicker light begins to break from his eye; his voice has a mellow luscious roll in it.

‘‘He will be grand to-night,’’ whispered a thin man, who looked like a tailor, seated on the other side of Leonard.

‘Time flies—an hour! Look again at the Dutch clock. John Burley is grand, he is in his zenith, at his culminating point. What magnificent drollery!—what luxuriant humour! How the Rabelais shakes in his easy chair! Under the rush and the roar of this fun, (what word else shall describe it?) the man’s intellect is as clear as a gold sand under a river. Such wit and such truth, and, at times, such a flood of quick eloquence. All now are listeners—silent, save in applause. And Leonard listened too. Not, as he would some nights ago, in innocent unquestioning delight. No; his mind has passed through great sorrow, great passion, and it comes out unsettled, inquiring, eager, brooding over joy itself as over a problem. And the drink circulates, and faces change; and there are gabbling and babbling; and Burley’s head sinks in his bosom, and he is silent. And up starts a wild, dissolute bacchanalian glee for seven voices. And the smoke-reek grows denser and thicker, and the gas-light looks dizzy through the haze. And John Burley’s eyes reel.

‘Look again at the Dutch clock. Two hours have gone. John Burley has broken out again from his silence, his voice thick and husky, and his laugh cracked; and he talks, O ye gods! such rubbish and ribaldry; and the listeners roar aloud, and think it finer than before. And Leonard, who had hitherto been measuring himself in his mind, against the giant, and saying inly, ‘He soars out of my reach,’ finds the giant shrink smaller and smaller, and saith to himself, ‘He is but a man’s common standard, after all!’

‘Look again at the Dutch clock. Three hours have passed. Is John Burley now of man’s common standard? Man himself seems to have vanished from the scene: his soul stolen from him, his form gone away with the fumes of smoke, and the nauseous steam from that fiery bowl. And Leonard looked round and saw but the swine of Circe—some on the floor, some staggering against the walls, some hugging each other on the tables, some fighting, some bawling, some weeping. The divine spark had fled from the human face; the Beast is everywhere growing more and more out of the thing that had been Man. And John Burley, still unconquered, but clean lost to his senses, fancies himself a preacher, and draws forth the most lugubrious sermon upon the brevity of life that mortal ever heard, accompanied with unctuous sobs; and now and then, in the midst of balderdash, gleams out a gorgeous sentence, that Jemmy Taylor might have envied; drivelling away again into a cadence below the rhetoric of a Muggletonian. And the waiters choked up the doorway, listening and laughing, and preparing to call cabs and coaches; and suddenly some one turned off the gas-light, and all was dark as pitch—howls and laughter, as of the damned, ringing through the Pandemonium. Out from the black atmosphere stept the boy-poet; and the still stars rushed on his sight, as they looked over the grimy roof-tops.’

Years after this, when Leonard has become famous as an author, chance brings him to the house where Burley is dying.

‘‘Bring the light nearer,’’ said John Burley—‘nearer still.’

‘Leonard obeyed, and placed the candle on a little table by the sick man’s bedside.

‘Burley’s mind was partially wandering; but there was method in his madness. Horace Walpole said that ‘his stomach would survive all the rest of him.’ That which in Burley survived the last was his quaint wild genius. He looked wistfully at the still flame of the candle: ‘It lives ever in the air!’ said he.

‘‘What lives ever?’’
‘Burley’s voice swelled—‘Light!’ He turned from Leonard, and again contemplated the little flame. ‘In the fixed star, in the Will-o’-the-wisp, in the great sun that illumines half a world, or the farthing rushlight by which the ragged student strains his eyes—still the same flower of the elements! Light in the universe, thought in the soul—ay—ay—Go on with the simile. My head swims. Extinguish the light!’

‘It was most touching to see how the inner character of this man unfolded itself, as the leaves of the outer character fell off and withered—a character no one would have guessed in him—an inherent refinement that was almost womanly; and he had all a woman’s abnegation of self. He took the cares lavished on him so meekly. As the features of the old man return in the stillness of death to the aspect of youth—the lines effaced, the wrinkles gone—so, in seeing Burley now, you saw that he had been in his spring of promise. But he himself saw only what he had failed to be—powers squandered—life wasted. ‘I once beheld,’ he said, ‘a ship in a storm. It was a cloudy, fitful day, and I could see the ship with all its masts fighting hard for life and for death. Then came night, dark as pitch, and I could only guess that the ship fought on. Towards the dawn the stars grew visible, and once more I saw the ship—it was a wreck—it went down just as the stars shone forth.’

‘When he had made that allusion to himself, he sat very still for some time, then he spread out his wasted hands, and gazed on them, and on his shrunken limbs. ‘Good,’ said he, laughing low; ‘these hands were too large and rude for handling the delicate webs of my own mechanism, and these strong limbs ran away with me. If I had been a sickly, puny fellow, perhaps my mind would have had fair play. There was too much of brute body here! Look at this hand now! you can see the light through it! Good, good!’

‘Now, that evening, until he had retired to bed, Burley had been unusually cheerful, and had talked with much of his old eloquence, if with little of his old humour.’

‘So now he again was quiet—with his face turned towards the wall; and Leonard stood by the bedside sorrowfully, and Mrs. Goodyer, who did not heed Burley’s talk, and thought only of his physical state, was dipping clothes into iced water to apply to his forehead. But as she approached with these, and addressed him soothingly, Burley raised himself on his arm, and waived aside the bandages. ‘I do not need them,’ said he, in a collected voice. ‘I am better now. I and that pleasant light understand one another, and I believe all it tells me. Pooh, pooh, I do not rave! He looked so smilingly and so kindly into her face, that the poor woman, who loved him as her own son, fairly burst into tears. He drew her towards him and kissed her forehead.

‘‘Peace, old fool,’’ said he fondly. ‘You shall tell anglers hereafter how John Burley came to fish for the one-eyed perch which he never caught; and how, when he gave it up at the last, his baits all gone, and the line broken amongst the weeds, you comforted the baffled man. There are many good fellows yet in the world who will like to know that poor Burley did not die on a dunghill. Kiss me! Come, boy, you too. Now, God bless you, I should like to sleep.’ His cheeks were wet with the tears of both his listeners, and there was a moisture in his own eyes, which nevertheless beamed bright through the moisture.

‘He laid himself down again, and the old woman would have withdrawn the light. He moved uneasily. ‘Not that,’ he murmured—‘light to the last!’ And putting forth his wan hand, he drew

aside the curtain so that the light might fall full on his face. In a few minutes he was asleep, breathing calmly and regularly as an infant.

"The old woman wiped her eyes, and drew Leonard softly into the adjoining room, in which a bed had been made up for him. He had not left the house since he had entered it with Dr. Morgan. 'You are young, sir,' said she, with kindness, 'and the young want sleep. Lie down a bit: I will call you when he wakes.'

"No, I could not sleep," said Leonard. "I will watch for you."

"The old woman shook her head. 'I must see the last of him, sir; but I know he will be angry when his eyes open on me, for he has grown very thoughtful of others.'

"Ah, if he had but been as thoughtful of himself," murmured Leonard; and he seated himself by the table and began to muse. * * *

"Suddenly, in the midst of his reverie, a loud cry broke on his ear. He shuddered as he heard, and hastened forbodingly into the adjoining room. The old woman was kneeling by the bedside, and chafing Burley's hand—eagerly looking into his face. A glance sufficed to Leonard. All was over. Burley had died in sleep—calmly, and without a groan.

"The eyes were half-open, with that look of inexpressible softness which death sometimes leaves; and still they were turned towards the light; and the light burned clear. Leonard closed tenderly the heavy lids; and, as he covered the face, the lips smiled a serene farewell."

We have selected our extracts, not as being by any means among the finest passages of the book, but as capable of being more easily detached; and we now dismiss it, with a hearty commendation, and a hope, in due season, again to encounter Sir Edward in some fresh undertaking not less worthy of his genius.

NOTICES.

Alice Montrose; or, the Lofty and the Lowly. By Maria J. McIntosh, Author of 'Charnus and Counter-Charnus.' 3 vols. Bentley.

THERE is nothing very striking in the inner life of this story, the characters and incidents being such as readers of fiction are not unfamiliar with, but the professed design of the tale marks it distinctively for those who are interested in the feelings referred to. The story is intended "to remove some of the prejudices separating the Northern and Southern United States, by a true and loving portrayal of the social characteristics of each." Characters are therefore sketched from "the enterprising north, and the chivalrous south," as the author epithetizes them. While endeavouring to represent classes, she professes to endeavour to avoid every approach to personalities, except in one instance, that of the good old nigger, Daddy Cato, who was a domestic in the writer's household. The incidents of the story are narrated with liveliness, but with a good deal of the exaggeration characteristic of American life. With every appreciation of the good motive of the author in the design of the work, and every disposition to hear her illustrations of the sentiments on her title page, one of which maintains that there is "good in all, and none all good," we confess that both north and south become rather wearisome to us as impartial onlookers, though mutual prejudices may be removed by the study of the pictures held up to southern proprietors of slaves, and northern persecutors of free blacks. Of the evils in the different parts of the Union, those of the slave states may be revolting, and in particular instances, be most revolting; but the prejudices of the north are more likely to be enduringly cruel, and the Yankee constitution lacks the generous and warm frankness which redeems so much the southern character. Alice Montrose is a heroine in whom few readers will fail to feel interest, and her union with Robert Grahame is a satisfactory conclusion of the story. One of the last *tableaux* represents

a scene of happy, contented, well-tended slaves, discussing the marriage of their young mistress and her husband. Daddy Cato was an oracle among them. Agrippa asks Cato, "Ah! brother Cato, can tell me? 'Wha' you say to dese people from the north, bro' Cato?" To which he replies, "De people from the north, my friends, is bery much like de figs of de prophet; dem wha' is bad is bery bad, and dem wha' is good is bery good. And Miss Alice' husband is good." The plans adopted on this estate for the amelioration of the negroes are worthy of study, as the suggestions of an intelligent and benevolent observer of the system of slavery. The right of retaining fellow-creatures in bondage, while such experiments are being made, is never questioned by the author, whose book is written as much for American as for British readers.

Hyperion. A Romance. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated with nearly one hundred Wood Engravings by Birket Foster. Bogue. THIS is one of the most beautiful volumes that the metropolitan press has of late years produced. Whatever could be effected by typographic art and other external aid has been brought to bear on the preparation of this illustrated edition of Longfellow's celebrated romance of 'Hyperion.' The wood engravings are from sketches by Birket Foster, who visited the scenes of the story expressly for the purpose of depicting them from nature. As Longfellow carries his reader over many of the parts of Europe most celebrated either for natural beauty or historical association, the volume has an interest in addition to that of the tale itself, in presenting descriptions and memorials of many celebrated places. After reading 'Hyperion,' we may often take up the book, and in looking at the illustrations be reminded of other literary and historical associations of which the scenes are suggestive. Thus we have among the hundred engravings such scenes as Rolandseck and the Kloster Nonnenwerth, Stolzenfels, Heidelberg, Martin Luther's house, Goethe's birth-place, the Grimsel Hospice, the Valley of Lauterbrunnen, Interlachen, the Furca Pass, and many other localities, which suggest other associations than those connected with Longfellow's 'Hyperion.' Of the story itself nothing need be said, and we only envy those whose fortune it may be to read it for the first time in this edition, the illustrations adding so much to the interest of the text. The publication of such volumes as those which Mr. Bogue has issued of several classic works, such as the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Cowper's Poems,' 'Thomson's Seasons,' and the 'Poems of Longfellow,' must tell effectively on the advancement of national taste in art, as well as in the extended popularity of a high style of literature.

The Gospel revealed to Job; or, Patriarchal Faith and Practice Illustrated. By Charles Augustus Hulbert, M.A. Longman and Co.

APART from doctrinal and other theological aspects, the book of Job is one of the portions of the sacred volume most interesting to the students of literature and of general history. The researches of many learned men have ascertained, from internal evidence, that the book was written at latest in the time of Moses, a thousand years before Herodotus, the father of Greek history. It relates to a period before the communication of new revealed truth to the Israelites in the wilderness, and presents the primitive faith of mankind as handed down by tradition from the early patriarchs. A picture of patriarchal life, in a region remote from the scenes of the rise of the world's great empires, is given in the story. With special reference to the creed of the Idumean patriarch, as unfolded in the narrative, Mr. Hulbert's treatise is written, showing that those peculiar truths, which were to be more fully revealed in after ages, were in their elements known and understood in the early times in which Job lived. Hence the title of the work, 'The Gospel revealed to Job.' What the author means is obvious enough, but the title is not happily chosen. The truths referred to were not revealed to Job, in the special way of communication suggested by that term, but were known to him, as to

other good men in various countries, by whom the oral traditions had been preserved without corruption from earliest times. In following out this subject of the identity of patriarchal and evangelical doctrine, Mr. Hulbert often strains his points too far, making out fuller analogies than Scripture authorizes, and the system of progressive revelation of divine truth demands. But in general, and with regard to the cardinal doctrines of the gospel, the arguments and illustrations will carry conviction to the Biblical student. In the critical parts of his work the author is largely indebted to the researches of learned writers on the subject, of whose labours he gives an abstract. From the lectures of the late learned Professor Lee of Cambridge, he has derived some of his most valuable critical and explanatory notes. Mr. Hulbert, who was formerly Crosse Theological scholar and Tyrwhitt Hebrew scholar of the University, has sufficient scholarship to enable him to give intelligent and judicious account of the researches which have been made on this subject, but his own labour is chiefly seen in the practical application of these studies to popular use. With the exception of the ponderous work of Caryl, a celebrated puritan preacher in London during the Commonwealth, and the translation of sermons by Calvin, neither of which are accessible books, there is no plain and practical commentary on the book of Job in English theological literature. Mr. Hulbert has supplied this deficiency. The work is faulty in its diffuseness, and would have been more interesting had it been only half the present size. Much of the matter is irrelevant, and might have formed lectures on any book besides that of which the book professes to be expository. In reading these parts of the volume, the reader must exercise the peculiar virtue of which the patriarch was the example. Mr. Hulbert's faults are not those of omission, as he leaves few points of interest unnoticed, and frequent references are given to the works of learned men on particular subjects worthy of further study.

SUMMARY.

IF the tumultuous popularity of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had not attracted so universal an attention to the name of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, more notice would ere this have been taken of another American writer, the authoress of *The Wide Wide World*. That work has been gradually winning its way into general favour in England, and the demand for new editions attests the multitude of its readers. Besides that originally published by Nisbet and Co., of which a new edition with additional matter supplied by the author has just appeared, and others already noticed, a cheap copy appears in Routledge's 'Railway Library,' at a price which will bring the book within the reach of many new readers. In the same series is published, as a companion volume, *Speculation; or, the Glenluna Family*, by Amy Lothrop, a *nom de plume* assumed by the accomplished writer, who is, we believe, a sister of Elizabeth Wetherell, the author of 'The Wide Wide World.' Rival English publishers have shown some ingenuity in their variations of Amy Lothrop's tale. 'The Glenluna Family' was the name of the book as it first came under our notice in English dress. One publishing house takes the title of 'Grace Howard,' the heroine of the tale, and Clarke, Beeton, and Co. adopt the more American name of 'Dollars and Cents,' under which it was originally published across the water. We hope that an international copyright treaty will speedily put an end to these minor liberties taken with authors' books, as well as with the more heinous sins of literary piracy.

In Bohn's Libraries there are some valuable additions this month. In the 'Scientific Library' a volume contains *Lord Bacon's Novum Organum and Advancement of Learning*, edited by Joseph Devey, M.A. In the 'Novum Organum' the version of Wood is followed, and in the *De Augustinis Scientiarum* that of Dr. Shaw. Considerable care has been bestowed by the editor in revising these versions, and notes are appended, in which are embodied comments by Playfair, Sir

John Herschel, and various editors of Lord Bacon's philosophical works. In the 'Standard Library' the fourth volume of *Milton's Prose Works* appears, containing the first book of a Treatise on Christian Doctrine, translated by Charles R. Sumner, D.D., Bishop of Winchester. Dr. Sumner has added a prefatory note to the valuable 'preliminary observations' prefixed to his original edition of Milton's works in 1825. The narrative of the discovery of the Latin manuscripts in the State Paper Office by Mr. Lemon, and of the method of ascertaining their identity with the treatises known to have been written by Milton on the subject, is a curious point in the history of literature. Some of the remarks of Dr. Sumner on the public records of the time of the Commonwealth are still worthy of the attention of the Record Commissioners. In the 'Illustrated Library' a book of delightful reading is presented in *Stories of English and Foreign Life*, by William and Mary Howitt. The work is illustrated by twenty engravings of the scenes and personages of the stories. In the 'Classical Library' a volume comprises the *Idyls of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus*, and the *War-Songs of Tyrtæus*, literally translated into English prose by the Rev. J. Banks, M.A., with metrical versions by Chapman of Theocritus, and by other translators of portions of the collection, as the Tyrtæan War-Songs by Polwhele. In the Bucolic poetry the text of Kiessling has been chiefly followed, the texts of Gaisford, 'Poetæ Græci Minores' of Heindorf, Briggs, and Wordsworth being carefully examined and compared. Biographical notices and critical and explanatory comments are given, the latter partly original and partly compiled from various sources. Mr. Banks has shown learning and care in his editorial labour, and has prepared an edition of these Greek poets which will be highly useful to the classical student.

Of a number of works connected with theological literature, the following we can only briefly notice. *Devotional and Practical Sermons*, by the Rev. James Bandinel, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford. The author states that these discourses were originally preached to country congregations, and that therefore great plainness of speech was used in their composition. What is thus mentioned half apologetically is in fact the chief merit of the discourses for any class of hearers or readers. Plain scriptural language is always the most forcible and the most appropriate for discourses of a devotional and practical kind. This plainness and force Mr. Bandinel's sermons possess. Of a very different school of theology are *Ten Sermons of Religion*, by Theodore Parker, of Boston, U.S., also vigorous and forcible in their style, but of the rational as contradistinguished from the scriptural tone of divinity. The book is inscribed to Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom the author no doubt considers as great and good and truly inspired a man as any of the evangelists and apostles of the New Testament. The creed of Mr. Parker is pantheistic; and it is a curious philosophical study to mark how the religion of nature is in these discourses modified by the influences of Christian revelation. A small treatise on *The Assurance of Salvation*, by the Rev. Paton J. Gloag, deals ably with a difficult phase of experimental religion. The prefatory remarks on the paucity of works on the subject are somewhat out of place, many useful treatises on the subject existing in theological literature. The author ought to have said that the works on the subject were few within his own range of reading, or within the reach of the rural parishioners for whom his book is prepared. A course of *Lectures on the Beatitudes*, preached at St. Paul's Episcopal chapel, Edinburgh, by the Rev. Francis Garden, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. The discourses are of a simple and practical kind, on subjects very commonly handled in the pulpit. Students of prophecy will find matter of curious consideration in *A New View of the Apocalypse; or, the Plagues of Egypt and of Europe identical*, by C. E. Fraser Tytler, of the H.E.I.C. Civil Service. The study of prophecy is closely connected with that of history. That which is historical in the present treatise is ably stated,

and the reader may form his own judgment of the conjectural parts of the book.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Alexander's (A.) History of the Israelitish Nation, 8vo, 15s.
Baillie's (Joanna) Works, 2nd edition, 1 vol. 8vo, £1 1s.
Bandinel's Sermons, 12mo, cloth, 6d.
Barton's (B.) Poems and Letters, new edition, fcap., 3s. 6d.
Bartholomew's Sermons, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Benn's (Mary) The Solitary, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Bird's (Dr. G.) Urinary Deposits, 4th ed., p. 8vo, 10s. 6d.
Birt's (W. R.) Handbook of the Law of Storms, 8vo, 5s.
Boardman's Pupil Teacher's Historical Geography, 1s. 6d.
Bowdler's Family Shakespeare, Vol. 5, foolscap 8vo, 5s.
British Medical Directory, 1853, 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Bunyan's Pilgrim, edited by J. M. Neale, 12mo, 3s. 6d.
Cabinet Gazetteer, 12mo, cloth, 10s. 6d.; calf, 13s.
Cesar, Oxford Pocket Classics, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Chandler's Life of David, 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.
Christopher's (J. C.) Observations on Syphilis, 8vo, 3s.
Clarence House, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Dampier's Sympathy of Christ, foolscap 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Dawson on Spermatorrhæa, 8vo, cloth, 2s.
De Morgan's Arithmetic, 14th edition, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.
Draper's Bible Stories, 1 vol. 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Edgeworth's Moral Tales, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
Encyclopædia Britannica, 8th edition, Part 1, 8s.
Forget me Not, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Fry's (Elizabeth) Life, by S. Cordeur, 8vo, cloth, 8s.
Gloag's (G. P.) Assurance of Salvation, 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Hack's (M.) Winter Evenings, new edition, fcap., 3s. 6d.
Hall's Book of British Ballads, royal 8vo, cloth, £1 5s.
Handbook of Familiar Quotations, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
Hopkins's (S.) Voice of the Church, 12mo, cloth, 6s. 6d.
Hughes's Manual of British Geography, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
Kennedy's Second Voyage of the *Prince Albert*, 8vo, 8s.
Larper's (F. S.) Private Journal, 3 vols. 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
Lee's (J.) Laws of Shipping and Insurance, 6th ed., 8s. 6d.
McFarlane's Great Battles, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Marcel's Language as a Means of Mental Culture, 2 vols., 16s.
Meditations on the Sufferings of Our Lord, 12mo, 6s. 6d.
Moore's Poetical Works, Vol. 5, foolscap 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Morgan's Trinity of Plato, new edition, post 8vo, cloth, 4s.
Morris's Naturalist, Vol. 2, royal 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Newman's (F. W.) Odes of Horace, post 8vo, cl., 7s. 6d.
Philip's Imperial Atlas of the World, imp. folio, £1 11s. 6d.
Philosophy in Sport, 7th edition, 12mo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Pillan's Geography of the Ancient World, 12mo, 1s. 6d.
Prideaux's Churchwarden's Guide, 6th edition, 12mo, 6s.
Richmond's (L.) Memoirs, 12th edition, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
Sandford and Merton, new edition, 18mo, cloth, 2s.
Statutes of the Colony of Victoria, 3 vols. 8vo, cloth, £1 4s.
Stuart's Naval and Mail Steamers of United States, £2 10s.
Toogood's (Mrs.) Ellen Lutwidge, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
Traveller's Library, Memoirs of Maitre d'Armes, 1s.
Venn's Life and Letters, 7th edition, 12mo, cloth, 7s.
Von Rochau's Wanderings through Cities of Italy, 18s.
Webb's (Mrs.) Naomi, 11th edition, foolscap, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Whitelock's Memorials, 4 vols. 8vo, cloth, £1 10s.
Weidemann's Footsteps of Immanuel on the Lake, 4s. 6d.
Wilson's (E.) Dissector's Manual, 12mo, cloth, 12s. 6d.

DEATH OF DR. OVERWEG.

THROUGH intelligence received at the Foreign Office from Tripoli, and communicated to us by the Chevalier Bunsen, it is our melancholy duty to announce the sudden death of Dr. Overweg, one of the travellers employed in determining the boundaries of Lake Tsad. Three weeks since (ante, p. 135) we gave a brief account of the researches of Drs. Barth and Overweg in Central Africa, and made known to our readers that the application of these gentlemen for scientific assistance had been generously responded to by the Government. Dr. Vogel, a gentleman well known for his astronomical labours in connexion with Mr. Bishop's observatory in Regent's park, volunteered to join them, and on Sunday last he left Southampton with two sappers and miners, and a supply of the best instruments for magnetic observations, uninformed of the event which we have this day to record.

Dr. Overweg was seized with fever on the 20th of September last, at Kuka, owing probably to his having been too long exposed to the influence of the rainy season of that place, shortly after he was rejoined by Dr. Barth, on his return from Baghirmi. Hoping to benefit by a change of air, Dr. Overweg proposed to leave Kuka for a healthier spot, ten miles nearer to Lake Tsad. It was not, however, till the 24th that he was enabled, with the assistance of three persons, to reach that place. The most dangerous symptoms manifested themselves on his arrival, his speech becoming gradually unintelligible; and on the 27th he died. Thus, at the early age of thirty, sharing the fate of Dr. Richardson, fell another hearty traveller of vigorous enterprise, a victim in this particular service of African exploration. Dr. Overweg was by profession a

geologist, and had already made some advancement in his pursuits, when the same feeling of self-devotion to the cause of geographical discovery that had animated his countrymen, Hornemann, Burkhardt, Leichhardt, and others, prompted him to accompany Dr. Richardson, as naturalist, to Central Africa. He was a man of kind and unassuming manners, and his official despatches to the British Government, penned only a few weeks before his death, testify remarkably to the clearness and precision of his mind. The grave of Dr. Overweg is near the great central lake which he was the first European to navigate.

Dr. Barth, who feels himself left alone to carry out the objects of this mission, expresses, with true heroism, his determination to continue his researches, hoping that he may yet receive reinforcements. He has sent an urgent appeal for another companion, and we rejoice that Dr. Vogel's party has left with so little delay. In the meantime Dr. Barth hopes to benefit by the peace that at present reigns between the Bornuese and Fellatahs to explore the extensive dominions of the latter. His first journey will be made in a westerly direction, for the purpose of reaching Timboktu, and after that he purposes to visit Yakoba, the great Fellatah town between Lake Tsad and the Quorra (Niger), and the countries bordering on the middle and lower part of the Tschadda. Dr. Barth has five trustworthy servants, four camels, and four horses, plenty of arms and powder, and, to use his own words, "fresh and redoubled courage." His last communications include, among other valuable documents, a large map of the regions extending from the Quorra to Darfur, and from the fourth degree of North Latitude to Lake Tsad and beyond, showing among other things a minute delineation of the little known countries, Baghermi, Waday, and Adamana. He has also transmitted a vocabulary of twenty-four Central-African languages. The mission of the Sheikh of Bornu to Her Majesty is on its way, and was expected, when this despatch left Tripoli, in about a month. That the lives of Drs. Barth and Vogel may be spared to return home with this difficult survey completed, must be the sympathetic prayer of every geographer and scientific man.

THE GHOST OF JUNIUS.

A PAMPHLET has just been published under this title by Francis Ayerst, who says that he has ascertained by "unmistakeable and irrefutable evidence" the authorship of Junius. The same has at different times been said with regard to the claims of the Duke of Portland, Lord George Sackville, Mr. Burke, Colonel Barré, Lord Shelburne, Mr. Dunning, Sir Philip Francis, Mr. Maclean, Lord Chesterfield, and last of all, Lord Lyttelton. Of late years there has been a general acquiescence in the authorship of Sir Philip Francis, not from any direct proof, but from the circumstantial evidence being greater for him than for any other name before the public. The authority of such men as Canning, Mackintosh, Lord Campbell, Macaulay, and Lord Mahon, who all have pronounced in his favour, has gone far to silence further controversy. But the ingenious and able argument in the 'Quarterly Review,' in which the claims of Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, were urged, reopened the question with many whose minds were not already made up. Not the least able and ingenious part of that article was that in which the reviewer stated his objections to the claims of Sir Philip Francis. We gave at the time ('L. G.' 1852, pp. 87, 207) a full statement of the argument of the 'Quarterly Review.' The evidence adduced was, to say the least, very remarkable, and fully justified the reviewer in affirming that he had narrowed the sphere in which "the veritable Junius," if not Lord Lyttelton, was to be sought. Mr. Ayerst thinks that the veritable Junius was Sir Thomas Barth, Bart., whose sister married the first Lord Lyttelton, and who was thus intimately connected with Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton. Lieut.-General Sir Robert Rich was the fifth Baronet, succeeding to his father, Field Marshal

Sir Robert Rich, in 1768. A genealogical chart is given to show the connexion between Sir Robert Rich and the families of Grenville, Lyttelton, Temple, and Pitt. Much of the argument of the 'Quarterly Review' for Lord Lyttelton is thus equally applicable for the present purpose. The author argues that the young Lord Lyttelton was likely to be much influenced in his character and feelings by the training received under the brother of the second Lady Lyttelton, his step-mother. He might thus "naturally imbibe no small share of his political sentiments, views, and doctrines, and, as naturally, give utterance to them when he afterwards became a member of the House of Lords; and thus any assumed similarity of expression between his letters and speeches and the writings of Junius may be easily accounted for." Sir Robert Rich died in 1785, at the age of sixty-seven. He was consequently in his fifty-second year at the date of the first letter of Junius in 1769. One of the chief objections to Lord Lyttelton's authorship arises from his youth, he being then only twenty-three years of age, while the letters bear evidence of being the work of one having much more knowledge and experience of life. But any of these conjectural points are idle without internal evidence. Of external proof it is almost hopeless now to expect any discovery. Eighty years have passed since the memorable words were uttered, "I am the depository of my own secret, and it shall die with me." By internal evidence alone is there any likelihood of light being thrown on this literary and political mystery. Mr. Ayerst thinks that he finds sufficient internal evidence in the comparison of the letters of Junius with a letter addressed in 1775, by Sir Robert Rich, to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Barrington, then Secretary at War. The object of this published letter was to submit to the consideration of the public, the circumstances connected with a claim by General Conway, against the executors of the writer's father, Field-Marshal Sir Robert Rich, Bart., deceased, for alleged deficiencies of appointments in his Majesty's 4th regiment of Dragoons, then lately commanded by him. A board of general officers having decided against the executors, at the instigation, as it was thought, of Lord Barrington, Sir Robert Rich wrote the letter which is supposed to supply proofs of the spirit and style of Junius. Without entering at large into Mr. Ayerst's pamphlet, it will be sufficient to adduce a few examples of the extracts which he gives as furnishing unmistakable and irrefutable evidence of identity. The first extracts are given to show that Sir Robert Rich was a master of irony and blighting satire, as Junius was. Instances from Junius we need not quote; the following is from the letter to Lord Barrington:—

"My Lord,—From the moment I determined to submit my case to the consideration of the public, more especially to the military part of it, I could not be at a loss to whom I should address it."

"You, my Lord, bear so essential and conspicuous a part in it, that it would be robbing you of your due to let it appear under the sanction of any other name."

"It is well known, my Lord, how lavish you have been of your professions.—That the army should always find a friend in the War-office as long as you had the honour to preside there. How far your actions have kept pace with your declarations may be known by such numberless instances as would have made it needless for me to add one more to the list, were it not that the following case is so much out of the common road, and attended with such peculiar circumstances, as may tend to fix your character once for all."

"It hath been your pride, my Lord, through life, to be what is generally called the best sort of man in the world; attached to your sovereign, and devoted to his ministers, as long as you are in place; the patron of the officer whilst he is in favour with the administration; and the friend of the army, whether drawn out against the national enemy or their fellow-subjects."

"And this having always been your Lordship's ambition, it may not be an unthankful office to add one more laurel to your wreath; an office which I embrace with the greatest satisfaction, as I have ample means of displaying your Lordship's conduct in a question of private property; your Lordship's equity, justice, and moderation in business; your steady endeavours to promote the interests of your friends; your assiduity in the cabinet; your important whisper to your sovereign, and some extraordinary acts to which that sovereign has been induced by your Lordship's dexterity. These, my Lord, are the principal features of your political character, and to touch these features without flattering colours shall be my aim in the picture I intend to hold up to your Lordship, though I must confess that to do

full justice to the original requires a more masterly hand than I can pretend to."

The next extract shows the same style of irony, and also the frequent use of interrogatories, which is a peculiar feature in the writings of Junius:—

"But, my Lord, why should you seek the humble shade of obscurity? Why should the world remain in ignorance of the notable defence you have made? You complain of having occasionally been made a little sore by the injurious calumnies that have been published against you by certain anonymous writers; if so, why should not the little wits of the age be informed what a formidable antagonist they would have, if your Lordship should condescend to take the pen in hand? From the specimen which I intend to exhibit, it will be seen how very able you are to repel the attacks of your accusers—how powerful and bright your eloquence—how cogent and conclusive your reasoning."

The extracts, given in parallel columns, contain many analogous expressions, used by both Junius and Sir Robert Rich. One short example will show the nature of these literary coincidences:—

"And he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry, before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your Grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state, but brought into action, you become vitriol again."—Junius, vol. i. p. 101.

"Some future emergency may possibly call you forth to give testimony before an august and awful assembly; and we are then to see (instead of the witness of a calm and steady reflection) the appearance of a mere *caput mortuum* when the volatile spirit is evaporated."—Sir Robert Rich's Letter to Lord Barrington, p. 73."

Among minor coincidences the frequent use of military expressions, the *ferit militaire*, of Junius is adduced, and also particular points of a common verbal nature, as for instance, 'I take my leave,' 'I scruple not to affirm,' 'I am bold to affirm,' 'sophistry, talent, misrepresentation,' 'latitude,' 'saving latitude,' 'interpose,' 'fruit of dexterity,' 'fruit of dishonest industry,'—all of which Junian phrases are found in this letter of Sir Robert Rich. A point of less moment is, that the letter to Lord Barrington was published by J. Almon, the bookseller in Piccadilly, who was prosecuted for selling the famous letter of Junius to the King.

We can hardly be expected seriously to deal with an argument founded on evidence so trivial as the single published letter of Sir Robert Rich to Lord Barrington. We think we could make out as strong a case, so far as internal evidence is concerned, for many writers whose names have never been mentioned in connexion with the controversy. But the collateral circumstance of Sir Robert Rich's connexion with Lord Lyttelton, and consequently with the Grenville and Temple party, who are never attacked and scarcely alluded to by Junius, prevents us from hastily throwing aside Mr. Ayerst's statement. It was thought by many at the time that more than one was concerned in the publication of the letters of Junius, and that the symbol of the hive, and its motto, *nos numeri sumus*, on the first collected edition, meant more than a mere publisher's ornament. We are not without hope of more being yet brought to light on the whole question. The editor of 'The Grenville Papers' has announced that several letters from the author of Junius, hitherto unpublished, are to appear in a future volume of that correspondence, and hints are thrown out as to the bearing of these documents on the *rexata questio* of the authorship. Mr. Ayerst has stated his case for Sir Robert Rich as strongly as could be done with materials so scanty. His pamphlet will at least amuse those who take an interest in the subject. He ought to have said more about the "other documents and papers" belonging to Sir Robert Rich, which he says have fallen into his possession.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THREE new Arctic expeditions, in addition to Dr. Rae's journey, have already been announced to be in preparation, and to be despatched this spring. One is again fitted out by the munificence of Mr. Grinnell of New York, and to be commanded by Dr. Kane; it is to proceed up Baffin's Bay and thence to the North Pole! The second, under the command of the gallant Captain Ingfield, is to proceed to Beechy Island, and thence likewise into Baffin's Bay, for the purpose of following up his discoveries made last year in the northern part of

that region. A third expedition, sent out by Lady Franklin, to consist of the little *Isabel*, and to be commanded by Mr. Kennedy, is to proceed to Behring's Straits. These unceasing endeavours to rescue our brave countrymen are very praiseworthy, but we regret to say that these efforts seem to be planned without the slightest concurrence between the several expeditions. Surely one expedition up Baffin's Bay—let it be either Captain Ingfield's or Dr. Kane's—would be sufficient, especially as that region is by no one considered promising as regards the finding of Sir John Franklin. The accumulation of so many expeditions in one spot, it must be evident, has been a grievous mistake in previous operations; it was particularly so in the summer of 1850, when eleven vessels met together in Barrow Straits. As to Mr. Kennedy's voyage to Behring's Straits, we are quite at a loss to see its object. Three vessels are already in that region, and a fourth, the *Rattlesnake*, under Commander Trollope, has recently sailed. These four, we should think, ought to do all that is necessary from that point. But if the little *Isabel* is intended to achieve what the four large vessels are unable to accomplish, surely she is much too late for this season, as she ought to have sailed long before this. It is true she is provided with a screw, but it is also a notorious fact, that so little did the screw assist Captain Ingfield, that he got rarely more than two knots out of his locomotive. The advisers of Lady Franklin have much to answer for in causing that devoted lady to send out her expeditions to so little purpose; such were the voyages of Captain Forsyth and Mr. Kennedy, and such will be the second voyage of the latter gentleman, if he now proceeds to Behring's Straits.

By the death of Dr. John Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln, the Church of England has lost one of its most respected and distinguished dignitaries. He was as eminent for his accomplishments and learning as he was estimable for the piety and moderation of his character. When at Cambridge he had the rare distinction of winning the double honour of senior wrangler and senior medallist. Baron Alderson is, we believe, the only other who has thus stood highest at once in classics and mathematics. Dr. Kaye, in 1814, was elected Master of Christ's College; in 1815 was created D.D. by Royal mandate; and in 1816, on the death of Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, he was appointed his successor, as Regius Professor of Divinity. Some of the lectures delivered from this chair have been published under the title of 'Ecclesiastical History, as illustrated by the writings of Tertullian and Justin Martyr.' In 1820 he was nominated to the see of Bristol, and in 1827 advanced to that of Lincoln. The theological works by which Dr. Kaye's name is most generally known relate to ecclesiastical history, which was his favourite study, and few had better acquaintance with patristic lore. His 'Account of the Writings and Opinions of Clement of Alexandria,' and his 'Athanasius and the Council of Nice,' attest his learning and research on such subjects. His publications on occasional topics are numerous, including sermons, charges, and some controversial pamphlets. It is stated, as an unusual mark of honour, that though belonging to the sister university, he was elected by the Master and Fellows of Balliol College, Oxford, to be Visitor, that college having the unusual privilege of electing its own Visitor.

We hope that the Earl of Carlisle, as Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen, will endeavour to do something more in discharging his functions than the delivery of the formal oration, which recent lord rectors have regarded as the chief or the only duty of their office. We cannot expect Lord Carlisle to do what Joseph Hume did, when he held the honourable post about thirty years ago. To the delight and satisfaction of the students, and the amazement and discomfiture of the professors, who at that period were inclined to be indolent and tyrannical, Mr. Hume went down and held rectorial courts, by the decisions in which not a few abuses were rectified by the zealous reformer. Of late years the office has been regarded by its

occupants as a mere honorary acknowledgment of literary and, more frequently, of political distinction. But there are ways in which the influence of a lord rector such as Lord Carlisle could be beneficially used for the interests of science and learning. For instance, the suggestions in the 'Report of the Scottish University Commissioners' remain unfulfilled, as to the union of King's College and Marischal College into one university, with mutual and well-defined rights as to granting degrees, use of library and museum, and other privileges. At this moment a most unseemly controversy is raging between the authorities of the two colleges, or universities, as they term themselves, as to their respective rights and privileges. The King's College professors allege that those of Marischal College have no right to grant medical degrees, and an advertisement to this effect, and warning all whom it may concern against the imposition attempted by the sale of spurious diplomas, has been inserted in the public journals. We have now before us a pamphlet in reply, by a professor of Marischal College, in which violent language is retorted, and the denial of the legal right of the corporation is rebutted. All this is very unseemly, and must be injurious to the welfare of the northern seat of learning. We think that a man so universally respected as the Earl of Carlisle might become moderator in this quarrel, and there never could be a more favourable opportunity, so far as Government can give assistance, for some arrangement of the affairs of the two colleges, under the premiership of Lord Aberdeen, who took a leading part in preparing the 'Scottish University Report.'

Two meetings are to be held next week, important in their bearings on the social and intellectual improvement of young people engaged in business pursuits in the metropolis. On Tuesday evening, at eight P.M., the ninth annual meeting of the Early-Closing Association will be held in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The Bishop of Chichester, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., Dr. Jackson, formerly Principal of the Battersea Training College, Mr. S. C. Hall, Dr. Pettigrew, and others, are to take part in the proceedings. Much progress has been recently made in the state of feeling on this subject, the great body of employers desiring that their assistants should possess more opportunity for improvement and recreation. It only remains to bring the sympathy of the general public to bear practically on the question, by abstaining from and discouraging shopping or purchasing at late hours when it can be avoided. The other meeting is closely connected with the early-closing movement, and usefully supplemental to it. Of late, evening classes for young men have been instituted in different parts of London, the lectures being chiefly volunteered by competent men in various departments of science, art, or literature. Of the advantages of these lectures higher classes have availed themselves than those who usually attend the courses at Mechanics' Institutes and schools for the working classes. A meeting is to be held at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday evening, to promote the cause of the evening classes for young men, the Earl of Carlisle in the chair. It is desirable that places of harmless and profitable recreation and instruction be provided for those who are well-disposed, otherwise the early-closing movement might be the occasion of more evil than good.

The bill in application for a charter to Her Majesty's Theatre Association has been thrown out in the House of Commons on the second reading. The case was ably stated and argued by Mr. Phinn; but Mr. Hume and Mr. Cardwell, the President of the Board of Trade, objected to the bill as interfering with the principles of limited liability. The object of the Association being the promotion of art, and the high position of many of the members, did not render the case different from a company of humble commercial traders; and in the present condition of the law of partnership, applications from all quarters must be dealt with on precisely the same impartial footing. Mr. Phinn argued, that though the application was refused

on the ground of a general principle by the Board of Trade, the appeal from that decision was made to the House on the plea of the particular circumstances of the case, Her Majesty's Theatre being an institution of historical and national interest. In almost every European capital but our own, in Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Naples, Government takes an active part, and gives due support to operatic enterprise. The House decided the matter on the now popular principle of "unrestricted competition."

We have received an anonymous communication in reference to our review of the new poem of Mr. Robert Montgomery, 'The Hero's Funeral,' in last week's 'Gazette.' Our obliging correspondent (whose envelope bears the initial letter M) encloses the following paragraph from the 'Sun' newspaper, with the object, we suppose, of convincing us how wrong we are in our general estimate of the worth of Mr. Robert Montgomery's poetry, the popularity of which the 'Edinburgh Review' long ago ascribed to 'the art of puffing.' We were charitable enough to admit less unworthy causes to a share in the wonderful success of poems of such ambiguous merit. But the paragraph which has been sent to us is so pungent a specimen of the 'art' referred to, that we must present it to our readers:—

"ROBERT MONTGOMERY, THE POET, AND HIS WRITINGS ON THE CONTINENT.—A literary friend of ours has just received a letter from Amsterdam, in which he informs us that M. J. H. Kœhen, one of the Municipal Council of that city, and curator of the Athenæum in Amsterdam, has just delivered a long and elaborate lecture on the poetical works of Robert Montgomery, before a 'crowded and brilliant assembly of *saavans*' at Utrecht, which has excited profound interest, and is to be published after it has been delivered at Leide. M. Kœhen translated select passages from 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' 'Woman,' 'The Messiah,' and 'Satan,' and 'Luther.' His extracts from this last (and in some respects the greatest of the poet's works) called forth warm expressions of approval. We are gratified in stating this, because we rejoice to hear that foreign countries are beginning to confirm opinions which Southey and Professor Wilson long since uttered in England. While on the subject, we may add that a complete illustrated edition of Robert Montgomery's Poems has just been published in America; and we hear likewise that his 'Luther' is to be translated into German. It was of this (the only poem on the Reformation which exists) that Neander, the illustrious German historian of the Church, said, just before he died—'I have read that work with profound interest and great joy.'"

Our correspondent does not specify what statements in our review he objects to, but contents himself with a dignified quotation of the adage, 'Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.'

We announced some time ago that a complete collection of the "literary works" of the Emperor Napoleon the Great was being made at Paris by a triumvirate of eminent literary men. Napoleon being little known as an author, it was generally assumed that the said 'works' could only consist of proclamations, despatches, and correspondence. Such things, no doubt, will form the bulk of the thirty or forty volumes to which they are to extend, but real literary productions will be found in them, and they, we venture to say, will not be the least curious or interesting portion. Napoleon, in fact, when he was young was not unambitious of gaining literary reputation, and he employed his pen in the concoction of sundry tales and essays. Of these some few have been preserved from destruction, and they are to figure at the head of his works. Amongst them are, we understand, a 'Roman Corse,' a series of 'Notes on my Infancy and Youth,' a tale or play called the 'Earl of Essex,' 'The Mask,' an Eastern tale; 'Giulio,' a sentimental tale; and a 'Dialogue on Love,' rather free in thought and expression.

From Moscow we learn the death of Wassil Alexandrovitch Wontarski, author of a novel called the 'Fine Lady,' two dramas called the *Minister* and the *Physician*, and of other works esteemed in Russia. From Paris we learn the demise of M. d'Estournel, a man of considerable capacity, and favourably known as the author of 'A Journey to the East,' and of a volume of *souvenirs* from Italy. And from Berlin we have intelligence of the death of perhaps the oldest member of the theatrical dancing community in Europe—a Madame Telle, who figured in the *corps de ballet* of the royal theatre at Berlin in the time of

Frederick the Great, and was for many years in receipt of a pension from the Prussian sovereign. Also the decease, in the same city, of M. Kopisch, a poet of considerable celebrity; famous, too, for having discovered the 'blue grotto' in the island of Capri, near Naples, and for a volume of 'Italian Sketches.'

The Chevalier Massimo d'Azeglio, who has for the last five years so ably and honourably guided the liberal and enlightened policy of the Sardinian Cabinet, has arrived in England, on his retirement from public life. From the earliest time of Italian history, the family of d'Azeglio has been distinguished in arts and literature, as well as in politics. In early life the present Marquis was devotedly fond of painting, and some of his works have been much prized. To his former studies he now intends to return for a time, and his *atelier*, we understand, is prepared at Onslow-square, Brompton, in the house of his friend and fellow-countryman, the Baron Marochetti, who is so distinguished in the sister art of sculpture.

A report appears in the public intelligence from Naples of the death, rather suddenly, of the Earl of Belfast, son of the Marquis of Donegal. He had been attending a rehearsal for some private theatricals, and caught cold, resulting in inflammation. There was a report, last year, of his Lordship falling down a precipice at Nice or Genoa, but a letter soon announced that the accident was of a trifling nature. We hope that there is some mistake in the present report from Naples. Another literary man, of more distinguished name in the republic of letters, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, had a narrow escape lately, being on board the steamer which was wrecked, by the boiler bursting, during the voyage from Avignon to Lyons.

At Turin, the Academy of Philosophy held lately a special meeting in honour of the memory of Gioberti. Besides the members of the Academy, many of the highest functionaries, civic and national, were present, including the Syndic of the city, the President of the university, the Intendant-General of the province, and the Presidents of the courts of law. An oration was delivered by Count Mamiani, and M. Achille Mauri read a biographical notice of the deceased, with a sketch of his philosophical researches.

There does not, so far as we know, exist a museum of bookbinding. One, however, is about to be formed in the Louvre at Paris. The nucleus of it has been left by a M. Mottley, recently deceased. It consists of books with different sorts of binding from the infancy of the art down to the present time, many of them having belonged to royal and distinguished personages.

Mr. Tooke has been elected a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of France in the room of the late Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade, author of the 'Progress of the Nation.' Mr. Tooke has well earned this eminent distinction by his 'History of Prices,' and by his writings on Banking and other economic subjects.

To the lines of electro-telegraphic communication throughout Europe, an important addition is projected, from Turin to Sardinia and Corsica, the scheme having been brought before the Chamber of Deputies, on the 17th, by the Minister of Public Works.

At the Geological Society on Wednesday evening, and last night at the Royal Institution, Mr. McDonnell, F.G.S., exhibited a water-worn nugget of pure gold, rather above standard, received from Victoria colony, South Australia, weighing about fourteen pounds, and valued at 650*l*.

The death of the Comtesse Merlin has to be announced. She was of some note in the second or third rank of French writers, and was widely known in Parisian society. Her principal work is a sprightly account of a voyage to the Havannah.

The *Singapore Free Press* states that the Rajah Sir James Brooke is resigning the Governorship of Labuan, and that it is the intention of the British Government to make the colony a dependency of that of Hongkong.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Feb. 17th.—J. P. Gassiot, Esq., V.P., in the chair. A paper was read, entitled 'On the Muscles which open the Eustachian Tube,' by J. Toynbee, Esq., F.R.S. The author commenced by alluding to the opinion generally held by anatomists—viz., that the guttural orifice of the Eustachian tube is always open, and that the air in the tympanum is constantly continuous with that in the cavity of the fauces. An examination of the guttural orifice of the tube in man and other animals, has led the author to conclude that, except during muscular action, this orifice is always closed, and that the tympanum forms a cavity distinct and isolated from the outer air. The muscles which open the Eustachian tube in man are the tensor and levator palati, and it is by their action during the process of deglutition that the tubes are ordinarily opened. That the act of swallowing is the means whereby the Eustachian tubes are opened, is shown by some experiments, of which the following may be cited. If the mouth and nose be closed during the act of swallowing the saliva, a sensation of fullness or distension is produced in the ears; this sensation arises from the air, which is slightly compressed in the fauces, passing into and distending the tympanic cavities; upon removing the hand from the nose it will be observed that this feeling of pressure in the ears does not disappear, but it remains until the act of deglutition is again performed while the nose is not closed. In this experiment the Eustachian tubes were opened during each act of deglutition; during the first act, while they were open, air was forced into the cavity of the tympanum by the contraction of the muscles of the fauces and pharynx, and the guttural orifices of the tubes remained closed until the second act of swallowing, which opened the tubes and allowed the air to escape. That the act of deglutition opens the Eustachian tubes was inferred also from the custom usually adopted of swallowing while the descent in a diving-bell is performed; by this act the condensed air is allowed to enter the tympanum, and the sensation of pain and pressure in the ears is removed or entirely avoided. The author gives an account of the Eustachian tube and its muscles in mammalia, birds, and reptiles. In some mammalia, the muscles opening the tubes appertain as in man to the palate; in others this function is performed by the superior constrictor muscles of the pharynx. In birds it is shown that there is a single membranous tube into which the two osseous tubes open; this membranous tube is situated between, and is intimately adherent to, the inner surface of each pterygoid muscle, and by these muscles the tube is opened. The conclusion to which the author arrives respecting the influence of the closed Eustachian tubes is, that the function of hearing is best carried on while the tympanum is a closed cavity, and that the analogy usually cited as existing between the ordinary musical instrument, the drum, and the tympanum, to the effect that in each it is requisite for the air within to communicate freely with the outer air, is not correct. On the contrary, the author shows that no displacement of the air is requisite for the propagation of sonorous undulations, and that were the Eustachian tubes constantly open these undulations would extend into the cavity of the fauces, there to be absorbed by the thick and soft mucous membrane, instead of being confined to the tympanic cavity, the walls of which are so peculiarly well adapted to the production of resonance, in order that they shall be concentrated upon the labyrinth. In corroboration of the above views, the author states that in cases of deafness dependent simply upon an aperture in the membrana tympani, whereby the sonorous undulations are permitted to escape into the external meatus, the power of hearing has been greatly improved by the use of an artificial membrana tympani, made of very thin vulcanized india-rubber or gutta serena, which is so applied as again to render the tympanum a closed cavity.

Feb. 24th.—Colonel Sabine, V.P., in the chair. On Periodical Laws in the Larger Magnetic Dis-

turbances,' by Captain Younghusband, R.A., F.R.S. In this communication the author has arranged, in tables, the disturbances of the Magnetic Declination at St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of exhibiting the systematic laws by which those phenomena are regulated, which were long described as irregular variations, because they were of occasional and apparently uncertain occurrence. The frequency of the disturbances and their amount, whether viewed separately as easterly or westerly movements, or as general abnormal variations (easterly and westerly being taken together), is shown to be dependent upon the hour of the day, the period of the year, and upon the year of observation. From the connexion of the disturbances with the hour of the day, a relation is shown between their occurrence and the earth's diurnal rotation; their connexion with the period of the year evidences a relation with the sun's position in the ecliptic, and not with season even at those places where changes of season occur; while their dependence upon the year of observation affords additional testimony of a periodical law of the same character, which has been found to exist at other places, of the magnitude of magnetical changes coincident with variations of the solar spots. Besides investigating the laws of the disturbances at St. Helena and the Cape, and comparing them together, they are contrasted with laws having similar relations which have been already shown to exist at Toronto and Hobarton. The disturbances of larger amount only are noticed; those observations which differed by 2.5 scale divisions (1'8 in arc at St. Helena, and 1'9 in arc at the Cape), and upwards, from the normal place, were separated from the others and the values of the differences taken; there were therefore two series of figures to be dealt with—viz., the number of disturbances, and the aggregate amount of disturbance; these were next separated into disturbances of the north end of the magnet towards the east and towards the west, and the effect of each considered separately. The periodical character of disturbances at St. Helena and the Cape in a cycle of years is indicated, in so far as the limited extent of observation would permit, sufficient, however, to prove that the year 1843 was that of least disturbance at these two places, and to show a regular decrease from the previous years, and an increase in every succeeding year of observation. The hourly observations were discontinued before 1848, the year which Colonel Sabine has been able to show as that of periodical maximum as 1843 was that of minimum magnetic activity at Toronto and Hobarton. That this law is general, the observations now discussed afford consistent confirmation. Next, in the aggregate of each year, the disturbances towards the west are shown to preponderate over those towards the east both at St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope. A similar preponderance of westerly over easterly has been found in every year of observation at Hobarton, but at Toronto the easterly disturbances exceeded the westerly both in number and amount in every year. Next, arranging the disturbances into the several months of their occurrence, the greatest disturbance is found to occur in January, and the least in June, at St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope. The same months are those of greatest and least disturbance at Hobarton; but at Toronto both January and June are months of minimum disturbance, the maxima disturbance occurring there in April and September. From this identity of the epoch of greatest and least disturbance at St. Helena, where the months of January and June are not those of opposite seasons, viewed either with respect to the sun's extreme altitude, or to extreme periods of temperature; at the Cape, situated in S. latitude 33° 56'; and at Hobarton, in S. latitude 42° 52'; and contrasting this identity with a different law at Toronto in N. latitude 43° 39', the author infers that the principal causes which produce an annual period of disturbance are not dependent upon local seasons. It is likewise pointed out that about the period of the equinoxes there is a tendency to maximum disturbances at all the stations, producing absolute maxima at

Toronto, faintly, but systematically, indicated at the other stations. The westerly disturbances were found to exceed the easterly in every month in the year at St. Helena and the Cape, a law similar to that found at Hobarton; but at Toronto the easterly disturbances exceeded the westerly in every month. The average value of a westerly disturbance is greater than that of an easterly disturbance in every month at St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope. Hobarton again coincides in this law, and in a slightly and less perfectly marked degree Toronto has the same peculiarity. Next, arranging the disturbances into the several hours of their occurrence, the hours of the day are found to be those of greatest disturbance in a very considerable degree, the sum of the ratios during the twelve hours of the day being about seven times as great as the sums in the twelve hours of the night at St. Helena, and about 2.6 times as great at the Cape of Good Hope; while at Hobarton the sum of the twelve night ratios slightly exceeded the day; at Toronto the excess was larger—viz. as 1.3 to 1. The laws of easterly and westerly disturbances, in relation to the local hours, are then examined separately. At St. Helena and the Cape the easterly day disturbances exceed the easterly night disturbances, and the westerly day disturbances exceed the westerly night disturbances. Comparing the law with that at Toronto, the easterly disturbances are there greater at all hours of the night than at any hour of the day, and the westerly disturbances greater at every hour from noon to midnight than at any hour from midnight to noon. At Hobarton, the westerly disturbances are greater at every hour of the night than at any hour of the day, and the easterly greater at every hour of the day than at any hour of the night, the slight excess of nightly disturbance on the whole being thus occasioned by the westerly overriding the easterly disturbances. At St. Helena, although but comparatively few disturbances occur during the night hours, those disturbances are almost all westerly; (183 disturbances in all, occurred in nine night hours during five years, of which 174 were westerly, and but nine easterly). In the day hours the westerly only slightly exceed the easterly disturbances. At the Cape the westerly excess is less in the night and greater in the day than at St. Helena, and the night excess much greater than the day excess. At St. Helena the fact of the disturbances being more frequent in the day than in the night, is consistent in every month of the year. This appears worthy of remark, when it is remembered that at St. Helena the curve of the diurnal variation of the declination is precisely reversed at two opposite periods of the year; in one case corresponding to the curve of diurnal variation in middle northern latitudes, and in the other to middle southern latitudes. The mean effect of the disturbances, which have been separated as described, and which comprise all of largest magnitude, is a constant westerly effect at every hour both at St. Helena and Cape of Good Hope, acting more energetically in the night than in the day. At Toronto the mean effect is westerly in the day, and easterly in the night. At Hobarton, easterly in the day and westerly in the night.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Feb. 9th.—T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., V.P., in the chair. Baron Rothschild, Sir Joseph Paxton, and six other Associates, were elected. Several books were presented. The chairman communicated a letter he had received from Mr. Wansey, from Naples, giving a detailed account of the excavations now being carried on at Cuma by the Prince of Syracuse. These have been productive of interesting results—a Grecian temple, various houses and tombs, having been discovered. Portions of sculpture in fine white marble, broken but in large pieces, and susceptible of being made perfect, one a figure of Diana, have been met with. The architectural remains, as well as the torsos, are described as very beautiful. The private houses discovered presented nothing remarkable, but the tombs are exceedingly curious, containing a variety

of interesting objects, and a vast quantity of cinerary urns and burnt bones. In addition to these, two skeletons with waxen heads. These have puzzled the antiquaries, and are removed to the Museum for examination. One which Mr. Wansey examined presented the face of a young man with regular stern features, all perfect. The particulars of the excavations will be published forthwith, under the direction of the Prince, by Professor Quaranta. Mr. Gunston exhibited some rubbings taken from bells, chiefly in Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire. Mr. Sherratt laid before the meeting some tradesmen's tokens, and also one of the porcelain monkey figures, having Chinese characters, several of which have been found in different parts of Ireland. The inscription on Mr. Sherratt's specimen differs from the sixty-five recorded by Mr. Getty in his tract on this subject. Mr. Rook communicated some drawings of antiquities he had met with at Whitehaven. They consisted of a spear-head of bronze, found by a labourer in Eskdale, Cumberland; a seal of cannel coal; a ring of the same material, and a piece of sheet lead, which was found rolled round the ring, with an inscription on the inside dated 1400. These were all enclosed in an earthen pot of rude construction, and fixed by cement to a piece of red freestone. Mr. Tucker exhibited a silver-gilt ring, which was said to have been given by George II. to a pilot who saved him from wreck in one of his voyages from visiting his Hanoverian dominions. With this ring was also given a permission to "vend victuals" in Hyde Park, and it was said that the man's descendants to this day exercise this privilege. The ring bears the arms of Poland impaled with those of Lithuania, surmounted by a regal crown. Mr. Carrington presented the impression of an ancient brass seal, bearing the inscription *Sigillum Commune Civium Wigornie*. It is supposed at Worcester, that on occasion of a dispute between the corporation and the town clerk, at the end of the last century, the latter took away the seal to annoy them. It is known that he died at Rouen, and it is conjectured that the seal passed into the hands of some antiquary there. Mr. Jabez Allies obtained it at Rouen, and has deposited it in the Worcester Museum. Mr. Carrington also exhibited rubbings from a glass he had purchased at the sale of the effects of the Rev. Thomas Meyler, Head Master of King Edward's Grammar School at Marlborough. The glass is engraved with many figures, and was referred to Mr. Planché to report upon the costume. Mr. Carrington also exhibited the impression of a crown-piece of Charles I., from an ancient die found in making the railway at Shrewsbury. The die is of iron. The device on it is a shield of four quarters, first and fourth, quarterly, England and France, second Scotland, third Ireland, with the inscription *CHRISTO AUSPICE REGNO*, and the letter V for five shillings. Mr. Wakeman forwarded the drawing of a monumental cross of a type hitherto unpublished. It was discovered in the churchyard of Llangatock-juxta-Usk. It is much injured, but gives the inscription: **DAVID:** **AP:** **IEV:** **ILIC,** supposed, David ap Iwan Loit (Lloyd). A person of this name and patronymic, whose great grandchildren were living in 1585, renders it probably of the reign of Henry VII. Mr. Cumming read a short but very interesting paper on Christian lamps, remarking principally upon those found at Colchester. They were ordered to be figured, and the paper to be printed in the Journal. The evening terminated with a paper by Mr. James, on a soleret of the fifteenth century, of unique character. It is two feet seven inches from the spur rowel to the point of the toe, being composed of eight laminated plates, in the last of which is a triangular staple, whereby the toe-piece, one foot in length, was fixed to the soleret. The laminated plates were worked by means of Almaine rivets, erroneously stated by Mr. Fairholt to have been introduced in the seventeenth century. The staple was in all probability intended to afford facilities for the removal of the exaggerated point and the substitution of a smaller one, as occasion or convenience might require. This soleret being intended to fit the foot inde-

pendently of the jambe, was once provided with a tongue both in front and behind, which the ravages of time have partly destroyed. The spur, considered by Mr. James as the most remarkable feature of the whole, is passed through the heel and riveted on the inside. It is seven inches in length, and the rowel has eight points. Mr. James described two other specimens, one in the collection at Goderich Court, and the other lately purchased for the Tower Armoury. They present features different from Mr. James's specimen. Mr. Lionel Oliver presented to the Association an interesting large brass medallion, representing Dr. Sacheverell seated, supporting a shield, around which is inscribed "passive obedience," and surmounted by a mitre. A figure, with a dagger in his hand, before him, has the name of "Burges" inscribed, and there are personifications of Moderation, Fury, &c. At the conclusion of the meeting it was announced that on the 23rd Mr. George Vere Irving would read a paper 'On the Camps in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire;' and that to make perfect arrangements for the next Congress, the annual meeting would be held on the 13th of April instead of the 9th of March, as formerly announced.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Feb. 14th.—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair. Among the Fellows elected were Captain G. Hand, R.N., Captain Harrison Walker, H.C.S., Captain Fortescue Harris; J. Silk, Buckingham, Peter Levesque, Henry Sewell, and Arthur Westmacott, Esqs. The papers read were—1. 'Abstract of Letters received from Mr. Ladislaus Magyar, dated April 20th, 1851, Sah-Quilem, on the River Kaszabi, in the Kingdom of Kalunda, in Central Africa, S. lat. 4° 41', and E. long. 23° 43'.' Translated from the Hungarian, by Dr. H. Rónay. 2. 'Remarks on the country between Selenia, the Valley of the Orontes, Antioch, and Apimere, to Belis on the Euphrates,' by Dr. Thompson. 3. 'Note on the Watershed of the Wadi El Arabá,' by Captain Wm. Allen, R.N., F.R.S., F.R.G.S. The second paper, or that on the Euphrates Route, created considerable interest. The importance of affording facilities of intercourse between the coast of Syria and the Persian Gulf, and of thus developing the resources of these countries, is becoming of daily interest, not only to Turkey itself, but to Europe in general. Dr. Thompson thinks that these objects are at no very remote period likely to be put into operation. The opening of the old caravan route of the 13th and 14th centuries, by the Euphrates valley, must in itself be considered one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred not only upon the Ottoman empire at large, but upon the whole of the eastern world. The many associations of the country through which it is proposed to establish this interesting route, are too familiar to the public in general to require further allusion. Suffice it to say that the Garden of Eden and Cradle of Christianity are sites which it is enough to name, as in themselves incentives to the promotion and fulfilment of this apparently feasible and important route to the east. In his communication 'On the Watershed of Wadi El Arabá,' Captain Allen said that, as the notices of travellers appear to be insufficient for determining the elevation and extent of the Watershed of the Wadi Arabá, the point of separation of the torrents flowing northwards to the Gulf of Akabá, he proposed to lay before the Society such information as he could collect on this important subject in physical geography. Burkhardt, Irby, and Mangles, and others, consider this valley to be a plain, while some geographers even entertained the idea that the River Jordan might anciently have flowed through it to the Gulf of Akabá. In 1838, the Comte de Bertou proved the fallacy of this, by discovering the gradual ascent of the valley from the Dead Sea towards the south. He imagined he had ascertained the point of the Waterparting to be at about fifty-five miles from the Dead Sea; but, as his barometer was broken, he gave it as his judgment only, which, notwithstanding his zeal and general accuracy, may have erred. Among other reasons for suspecting this, it appears that, mistrusting his

Arabs, he went in a more westerly direction than they wished him; and thus may have turned up the lateral Wadi Talha, where he observed two slopes, north and south, which he names the Waterparting. The suspicion that he fell into this error appears to be corroborated by Dr. Robinson, who, from the Pass of Nemela on Mount Hor, could see the trough of the valley winding far south of this point. At the opposite side of the valley at El Sath, he also believed himself to be at the culminating point; but as the breadth between the two stations is fourteen miles, it is probable that there is an intervening depression through which the watercourse may pass between the sand hills. Dr. Schubert's route, from Akabá to Petra, gradually ascended the eastern mountains, from whence he describes the Wadi Arabá as rapidly declining towards the western range, where he thought it was so low that it would be overflowed in the rainy season. He found all the lateral valleys converging towards the north. He gives barometrical observations at two stations; but though one of them coincides in position with El Sath of De Bertou, it cannot be taken as the height of the watershed, as he was evidently on the slope of the Shera range. Dr. Robinson gives some notices which would lead to the conclusion that the watershed is considerably to the south of that supposed by De Bertou. He places it at about twenty-two miles from the Gulf of Arabá; it may therefore be said that the problem still remains to be solved. It is of great importance, both in itself and in the consequences to which it may lead; and Captain Allen submits that, as the discovery of the depression of the Dead Sea was made by two of our countrymen, Messrs. Moore and Beke, and verified by Major Symonds, R.E., Mr. Castigan, and Lieutenant Molyneux, R.N., and as the Americans have, at a considerable expense, sent an efficient expedition under Captain Lynch, U.S.N., to continue their surveys, it behoves Great Britain to complete the task. If the Government would direct an officer of the Royal Engineers to accompany him for this purpose, Captain Allen was willing to proceed upon the expedition as soon as the proper time for travelling in those regions arrives.

ASIATIC.—Feb. 5th.—Professor H. H. Wilson in the chair. Professor Goldstickler, Councillor Auer, of Vienna, and Lieut. E. G. Langmore, were elected Members. The Assistant-Secretary read extracts of letters received recently from Colonel Rawlinson, which, after some detail in the way of discovery, both geographical and historical, communicated the finding of a large number of inscriptions in real *bond fide* Scythian languages, allied, more or less, with the so-called Median language of the Achemenian inscriptions, an Essay on which is now in the press, and will shortly be published by the Society. These inscriptions are all more ancient than those of the Achemenian kings, and generally even than the dynasty of Nebuchadnezzar. He finds that all the inscriptions from the Scythian part of the Persian Empire preceding the time of Nebuchadnezzar, including the bricks and tablets of Niffer, Senkereh, Warka, Susa, and Elymais, were in such Scythian languages, taking the word Scyth in its largest sense, as it was employed by Professor Rask. The discovery of this widespread primeval Scythism has induced the learned officer to draw up a paper on the subject, containing a number of valuable hints for ethnological inquiry, which he proposes to the Society for publication, as a pendant to the Essay on the language. The Colonel is satisfied that all the Hamite nations, Cush, Mizraim, Nimrod, and Canaan, were Scythic, the two former, perhaps, mixed up with races of Shemite origin. We believe that at the period when these inscriptions were first written, that is to say, about the eighteenth century, B.C., the Scythians and the Shemites were so completely mingled together in Syria that they cannot now be distinguished, but that the Scythys were the first settlers, followed by the race of Shem after a long interval. This clears up most of the difficulties in the patriarchal gene-

alogies, and accounts for the confusion of Greek tradition. The Scythic Cush were spread over North-east Africa, Arabia, and Susiana, as were the Cephenees; and hence the double myth regarding Cepheus, and perhaps the Asiatic and African Memnon. The importance of these views, and their bearing on the world's history, at the period relative to which the first definite notions of the movements and distribution of nations have been handed down to us, cannot be too highly appreciated. In his last communication, the Colonel enclosed the drawing of a bronze lion, which had been recently dug up by the Turks at Nebi Yunus, very similar in form to one of black marble found some weeks ago at Bagdad. The latter had a cartouche on the breast, containing a name in Egyptian hieroglyphic characters, which has not yet been read; but the bronze figure had an inscription in the Assyrian character, which was clearly read,—"Esar-haddon, Conqueror of Mizraim and Cush." This was strongly confirmatory of the announcement he had made last year to the Society of the conquest of Egypt by Esar-haddon. In the way of geographical discovery, Colonel Rawlinson finds that Sipparah, or Sepharvaim, was the same place as Borsippa, the modern Birs. He has found in the Talmud abundant confirmation of the Scythic empire of Nimrod, and has ascertained that the primeval cities were situated to the south as he had always suspected, Erch being Warka, Accad the same as Akar near Warsit, and Calneh, Niffer. He is still inclined to see Shinar in the modern Senkerah. Colonel Sykes read a paper illustrating some miniature figures of Buddhist chaityas, moulded in clay, found by Major Kittoe in the ruins of the temple of Sarnath, near Benares, and which were exact representations of the large chaityas in the Indian rock-cut temples. These figures contain the Buddhist confession of faith stamped in relief upon a separate bit of clay, which must have been imbedded while the latter was still soft, because the relief inscription on the embedded bits of clay was in all cases visibly impressed on the side of the hollow from which it was extracted. Professor Wilson, in his 'Ariana Antiqua,' has given a drawing of a seal bearing the same dogma; and Dr. J. Bird discovered it engraved on a copper-plate in the excavations which he made at the Buddhist rock-cut temples of Kenari. The characters of the various inscriptions indicate that they were written between the seventh and tenth centuries. The language is Sanscrit, but is seldom accurate, and no two of the inscriptions quite agree, but the sense of all is the same. Mr. Spence Hardy, in his 'Manual of Buddhism,' states the dogma to be cotemporaneous with Buddha himself, but it is somewhat singular that it has not been found among any of the more ancient Buddhist inscriptions. Colonel Sykes considers these chaityas to have been votive offerings, similar in character to the offerings made in the Roman-catholic church in cases of sickness, distress, &c. The discovery of this dogma in different parts, and written so late as the beginning of the tenth century, proves the prevalence of Buddhism up to that period, and substantiates the accounts given of Buddhism in India by the Chinese travellers of the fifth and seventh centuries.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—Feb. 8th.—Dr. J. Lee in the chair. After some feeling remarks by the Chairman on the loss which the Society had experienced in the death of that distinguished orientalist, the Rev. Samuel Lee, D.D., the following communications were made. 1st. A paper was read 'On the Zend-Avesta,' by Dr. W. Camps. This paper was divided into three principal heads. Firstly, regarding the person who is the reputed author of the Zend books; secondly, respecting the language in which these remarkable books were written; and thirdly, as to the Zend books themselves, under the name Zend-Avesta. According to the Dabistan, Zerdusht or Zoroaster was born in Rai, a town in the province of Jebal, or Irak-Ajam, the country of the ancient Parthians, and appeared as a religious reformer in the reign of Gushtap, the

fifth monarch of the Kyanian dynasty of the kingdom of Persia, and who, by most historians, both ancient and modern, is identified with Darius Hystaspes. Chronologically, this account of him makes him to have been almost contemporary with the minor prophets of the Old Testament, Haggai and Zechariah, and a few years after the Hebrew prophets, Ezekiel and Daniel, and the Greek philosopher and legislator, Solon, the poets Mimnermus, Anacharsis, and Æsop, Anacreon and Simonides, and the Chinese philosopher, Confucius; and to have lived shortly before Pythagoras, Heraclitus, and Æschylus. It was not doubted by the elegant translator of the Zend-Avesta, M. Anquetil du Perron, that the Zend was the old language of Media, and that the books preserved in that very ancient language were the genuine works of Zerdusht or Zoroaster, and written in the fifth or sixth century before Christ, although some have thought that the Zend language was a dialect of the Sanscrit, introduced into Persia for religious purposes, and never spoken in any part of Persia. The learned Professor Rask, however, readily admits the conclusions arrived at by M. Anquetil du Perron, and is decidedly in favour of the genuineness and authenticity of the Zend. The language of the cuneiform inscriptions of Persepolis, as far as yet discovered and deciphered by Professor Grotefend, constitutes in his judgment a most powerful argument in support of the opinion that the Zend was the real language of ancient Media. Dr. Camps stated that in the present attempt to give any account of this remarkable and interesting collection of liturgical services, he was chiefly indebted to the translation of it by the oriental scholar already mentioned, Anquetil du Perron. The author of the paper gave an account of the religion and philosophy contained in these singular literary productions, referring also incidentally to the writings of many distinguished oriental scholars, acknowledging their valuable labours and researches in their respective departments of literary inquiry. Dr. Camps concluded his paper by asserting his conviction that Zerdusht or Zoroaster had earned for himself a fair and just title to the name and character of a reformer and a philosopher. 2nd. Mr. Ainsworth read a communication 'On the Discoveries in Ancient Art, recorded in Mr. W. B. Barker's work, the Lares and Penates of Cilicia.' 3rd. 'On some Assyrian and Babylonian Cylinders,' by Professor Grotefend of Hanover, translated by Mr. T. Lascelles Wrexall, and communicated by Dr. Lee. On these cylinders, a god seizes with either arm a beast resembling a wild goat, which, rising on its hind legs, bends its head back; but on the Assyrian cylinders, in which everything, as far as possible, is formed of stars, the god, as the ostrich-subduer, with curly hair and a long robe, is represented as advancing with four wings; while the Babylonian beast-subduer, with a flat hat, and a short jacket, extends his legs, which are united by a band. Both beast-tamers appear to have a plant as the symbol of purity. But while on the Babylonian cylinders another beast is associated with the goat, the Assyrians contain the peculiar sign of fruitfulness by a fish, and the sign of conception, together with the symbol of heaven abbreviated. Dr. Grotefend is of opinion that the subjects referred to in these interesting oriental relics are all, or nearly all, of a religious signification, and represent a battle of good spirits or beings against sin.

ANTIQUARIES.—Feb. 10th.—J. P. Collier, Esq., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Edward Backhouse Eastwick, Mr. W. E. Wynn, M.P., Mr. Charles Hill, Mr. G. E. Street, architect, Dr. Henry Clarke, and Mr. Wm. Figg, were elected Fellows. Mr. Evans exhibited a copy of an order in council which had been issued in the reign of James the Second, giving instructions to those who were desirous of being touched for the "King's Evil." This order had been framed and hung up in the church of King's Langley, where it had ever since remained until the present occasion, when it was kindly lent for exhibition by the Rev. J. Butt, the vicar of that

parish. The frame included another paper—namely, a notification from the Archbishop of Canterbury as to the day on which the feast of St. Matthias ought to be kept in leap year. Mr. Cole exhibited a collection of pamphlets and documents illustrative of the practice of touching for the evil. Lord Lonsborough exhibited to the meeting some curious gold ornaments. In a note to the President, his lordship stated that they were found last year by a peasant in Ireland, while digging for stones; in an ancient "rath" or fort, in the county of Limerick. They were discovered rolled or twisted together, and appeared to have been deposited without any covering or protection. The man offered them for sale to a jeweller in Limerick, when they were purchased by a Roman Catholic priest, from whom Lord Lonsborough obtained them. They are remarkable for their extreme simplicity, being formed of strips of metal slightly twisted. Mr. Wylie, in a memoir addressed to Mr. Akerman, communicated an account of some Teutonic remains, supposed to be Saxon, found in the neighbourhood of Dieppe. Mr. Wylie stated that during the last summer he was sojourning on the French coast, and resolved to examine the Merovingian remains in the museums of Rouen and Dieppe, but he had no idea that he should encounter any which told of our Saxon ancestors. We possess, however, good evidence of the presence of the Saxons in Gaul. The spoils of the coasts both of Britain and of the Continent, were by turns the objects of their attraction, and the frequency of their visits originated, as is well known, the term "Littus Saxonium." The Saxon *keels* could have had but little chance against the well-appointed galleys of the Romans, but they could navigate streams which were closed to those galleys. It had been well observed by Gibbon that the most sequestered places had no reason to presume on their security. The pirates who had entered the mouth of the Seine or the Rhone might descend with the rapid stream of the Rhone into the Mediterranean. The daring deeds of these men found a record in the historians of Gaul, and the pages of Sidonius Apollinaris are sufficient to rescue their name from oblivion, while Jornandes and P. Diaconus record their valour on the battle-field of Chalons, in the middle of the fifth century. Mr. Wylie had been led to visit the spot known as Le Tournisle, about four miles from Dieppe, in which M. Feret, a French antiquary, had discovered many objects that could scarcely be considered Frankish, inasmuch as that, though essentially Teutonic in character, they were unlike the undoubted remains of Frank people disinterred in the cemeteries of Londinieres and Envernu. No specimen of the dreaded "Francisca" or missile axe, used with such powerful effect by the Franks, had been found at Le Tournisle, but knives, spear-heads, and fibulae, resembling those taken from Saxon graves in England. The writer illustrated his interesting memoir by his own sketches, including a view of the spot termed Le Tournisle, with its tumular earthwork and fosse, and drawings of the remains there discovered, comprising urns, axe-heads, fibulae, rings, and other objects of personal ornament.

R. S. OF LITERATURE.—Feb. 23rd.—The Earl of Carlisle, President, in the chair. W. R. Hamilton, Esq., Vice-President, read a paper, drawn up by his son, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton of the Grenadier Guards, 'On some late Discoveries by M. Mariette, on the Site of the Serapeum, in the Neighbourhood of the Ancient Memphis.' M. Mariette was sent out by the French government in 1850, for the purpose of making these investigations, but for some time he was only successful in discovering several tombs, statues, and sphinxes, which had been hitherto hidden from view by the sands of the desert. At length, however, in pursuing his researches to the north of the Great Pyramid of Sakara, and to the west of the great ally of the sphinxes, he came upon the entrance of a gallery excavated out of the

rock which underlies the sand, and about three quarters of a mile north-west of the Great Pyramid. On clearing away the sand, he found the gallery itself much blocked up by stones and rubbish, yet less encumbered as he approached the more remote parts. After passing two or three galleries, at right angles to the one just opened, and which contained nothing of interest, he reached the principal building of what he now recognised as the Serapeum. He found that the main gallery extended several hundred yards, and that on each side there were vaulted chambers, containing gigantic sarcophagi of the sacred bull Apis. This discovery took place on November 12, 1851. Colonel Hamilton adds, that M. Mariette had the kindness to light up these sepulchral vaults with a profusion of wax-lights on the occasion of his visiting them, so that the English traveller had an admirable view of these remarkable discoveries. The entrance to these galleries was by an inclined plane from the surface of the desert, about twelve feet broad, and cut out of the solid rock; having, on each side, perpendicular walls, on the faces of which were many funeral tablets, which have now been removed to Paris. The galleries themselves and the lateral chambers were in like manner hewn out of the rock, the principal one being about sixteen feet broad and fourteen feet high. The walls to the spring of the arches are perpendicular, and the ceilings both of the gallery and side vaults are arched, forming groins where they meet. Perhaps, like those of the tomb of Psammethichus in the cliff which forms the eastern boundary of the desert, these walls and arched roof were lined originally with a casing of harder stone, since removed. The whole number of sarcophagi is thirty-one; of these, sixteen were in a side gallery: the greater part are made of dark green granite, but the quarries from which they have been cut have not been ascertained. Hieroglyphics have been met with on two only. They are all of gigantic proportions, those in dark green granite are from twelve feet six and half inches to twelve feet ten inches long, seven feet seven inches broad, and seven feet seven inches high, exclusive of the cover, which is in one solid block, not less than three feet three inches thick, so that their whole height is nearly eleven feet. The inner edges of the sarcophagi are bevelled off, so as to allow a corresponding bevel in the cover, to fit into it when put on. The floor of each lateral vault is between four and five feet below the level of the centre gallery; in dimension, they are about thirty-nine feet long, fifteen and half broad, and twenty feet high. All the sarcophagi are in a pure state of preservation, and the surfaces retain their original polish. The covers have all been removed two or three feet from their original position, being pushed forward, so as to leave room for any one to descend into them from the hinder side. M. Mariette conjectures that this must have been done by Cambyes and the Persians. No vestiges have been found in them of the embalmed sacred bulls. The Serapeum lies about north-west of the modern village of Metraheneh, which is believed to occupy the site of the ancient Memphis. Colonel Hamilton's paper was accompanied by sketches of these sepulchral chambers, and plans of their areas.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Feb. 22nd.—James Meadows Rendel, Esq., President, in the chair. The evening was entirely devoted to the renewed discussion of Mr. B. Cheverton's Paper, 'On the use of Heated Air as a motive power.' The construction of Ericsson's Engine, and the application of the Regenerator, were first described, and it was then argued that the action of the regenerator almost amounted, theoretically, to the creation of force, and that it was not of the utility that had been presumed. From the best accounts, it appeared that various practical difficulties existed in the application of heated air as a motive power, and from calculations which were entered into it was shown that the mean pressure of the air in the working cylinder being 4½lbs, the engines making eleven strokes per minute, a total power was developed, which, after making a proper deduction for friction and

waste, did not exceed 208 H.P. with the cumbrous machinery which was described; it was then contended that with such a fine model of a ship, and under the circumstances of the experiments, a greater speed than seven miles an hour ought to have been attained with a less expenditure of fuel, and that therefore, at present, the Caloric Engine could not be practically regarded as a successful innovation. Tables and diagrams were exhibited, for the purpose of showing the relative amount of power obtainable from a given quantity of heat applied in expanding air and in producing steam, showing that after taking into account all the conditions of each case, the useful effect would be nearly the same, independent of the regenerator, which if not a fallacy, would turn the scale in favour of the use of heated air. It was submitted by other speakers, that the machine involved a mechanical fallacy, as the regenerator produced no mechanical effect whatever. It might be granted that the regenerator of Ericsson's engine received and redelivered the heat in the manner described, and that when the working piston was descending the heat was deposited, and that when ascending the heat was restored, but that operation could only result as a consequence of the motion of the piston, and not as a cause of its motion—hence no mechanical effort was made. This result was easily shown, by assuming the contents of the pump to be 1, and the contents of the working cylinder to be 2. If the working piston was at the bottom of the cylinder, and in equilibrio with the external atmosphere, as regarded the pressure on a unit of surface, and then began to move and the air to be heated, in its passage through the regenerator, from 32° to a temperature of 512°, so as to double its volume, the lower piston would constantly produce a vacuum, so to speak, of 2, to be constantly fed by a supply of 1 from the pump, expanded into 2 by the increase of temperature—consequently the piston, at every instant of its motion, remained in equilibrio with the external atmosphere, and no mechanical effect could result. Still in Ericsson's engine a mechanical effect had been produced, but then this mechanical effect was no greater than would be produced without the aid of the regenerator by the simple action of the furnace itself, and not so economically as by the use of steam. Further investigations were entered into of the theory of the Air Engine, and the general result appeared to exhibit so much distrust of the accounts already received of the working of the caloric ship, that it was suggested that the further discussion of the subject should be adjourned for a few weeks, and meanwhile another paper was proposed to be written, so that the question could be more fully discussed on the next occasion.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Feb. 16th.—W. Tooke, Esq., F.R.S., Vice-President, in the chair. Mr. J. Sparkes Hall read a paper 'On the History and Manufacture of Boots and Shoes,' in which he gave an elaborate account of that article of costume from the earliest period to the present time, illustrating his remarks by reference to a large collection of specimens and diagrams, many of the latter being taken from Egyptian and other remains at the British Museum. Mr. Sparkes Hall gave a most interesting extract from an essay on shoes and slippers, written by Professor Camper, of Leyden, about 100 years back. He then came to the practical part of the question—the boots and shoes of the present day, and how they were produced. Boots were preferable, he said, to shoes, as they gave greater support to the feet and ankles, and tended rather to strengthen the veins and muscles. The inconvenience of lace and button boots was then referred to, and the substitute of elastic web sides, introduced by Mr. Sparkes Hall about twenty years ago, was thought to be preferable. Some difficulties were at first encountered in getting a web which should be at all times and seasons perfectly elastic and pliable, and should return to its normal state on the removal of any strain. This had been attempted with spiral wire, and with the ordinary india-rubber, but it was found that the one was too rigid, and that the other on a cold

day lost all its elastic properties. After a series of experiments and the introduction of vulcanized india-rubber, the exact elasticity required was obtained.

BOTANICAL.—Feb. 4th.—A. Henfrey, Esq., V.-P., F.R.S., in the chair. Mr. R. Bardin presented a collection of plants collected by him on the last expedition sent in search of Sir John Franklin. Mr. A. Irvine exhibited a specimen of *Asplenium fontanum*, collected at Ashford, near Petersfield, Hants. Mr. J. S. Syme, the curator, stated that the distribution of British duplicates, comprising 20,000 specimens, including 1150 species and varieties, would take place this month. Mr. Syme read a paper, being 'Notices of the Localities of Rare Plants in the Neighbourhood of London.'

MUSICAL INSTITUTE.—Feb. 12th.—The Rev. Mr. Nicolay in the chair. A paper was read by Mr. Thomas Oliphant on 'Musical Facts and Fallacies,' which he illustrated by reference to Henry Carey, the "facts and fallacies" of whose life and works formed the subject of the present lecture. Several of his ballads (both words and music being his own composition) were sung by Mr. Benson and Miss Taylor, and a curious contrast was afforded by comparing the original harmonies of these old songs with those fitted by composers of the present day. Carey is still well known as the author of 'Sally in our Alley.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(Dr. A.W. Hoffmann, on Organic Chemistry.)
 — Geographical, 8½ p.m.—(1. The Mines of Copiapo, by Col. J. A. Lloyd, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., H.B.M.'s *Chargé d'Affaires* in Bolivia—communicated by H.R.H. Prince Albert, through Sir Roderick I. Murchison; 2. Report of a Canoe Expedition along the East Coast of Vancouver's Island, by Governor J. Douglas—communicated by the Colonial Office.)
 — Institute of Actuaries, 7 p.m.—(An exposé of the fallacy 'that it is just to Tax Temporary Annuitants at the Same Rate as Perpetual Annuitants, by Peter Hardy, Esq., F.R.S.)
 — School of Mines—(Natural History, 1 p.m.)—(Mining, 3 p.m.)
Tuesday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Thomas Wharton Jones, Esq., F.R.S., on Animal Physiology.)
 — Linnean, 8 p.m.
 — Horticultural, 3 p.m.
 — Medical, 4 p.m.—(Anniversary.)
 — Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—(Mr. W. Fairbairn, M. Inst. C.E., on the Increased Strength of Cast-Iron, produced by the use of Improved Coke.)
 — Pathological, 8 p.m.
 — School of Mines—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
Wednesday.—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(Dr. A. W. Hoffmann, on Organic Chemistry.)
 — Society of Arts, 8 p.m.
 — School of Mines—(Metallurgy, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 1 p.m.)—(Mining, 3 p.m.)
Thursday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(John Phillips, Esq., F.R.S., on the General Principles of Geology.)
 — Royal, 8½ p.m.
 — Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
 — Zoological, 3 p.m.
 — Harveian, 7½ p.m.
 — School of Mines—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(E. A. Freeman, Esq., on the Constructive Principles of the Principal Styles of Architecture.)
 — Botanical, 8 p.m.
 — Archaeological Institute, 4 p.m.
 — School of Mines—(Metallurgy, 11 a.m.)—(Natural History, 1 p.m.)—(Mining, 3 p.m.)
Saturday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Professor Williamson, on the Philosophy of Chemistry.)
 — Asiatic, 2 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

IN giving a final notice of the pictures in this year's Exhibition, it would be an omission to defer any longer mention of the works of Mr. W. Linton. The most effective of these two contributions, *The Ferry* (451), painted in the artist's usual *impasto* style, is not remarkable for its thickness or solidity. A mastery of treatment, apparently wonderful of attainment in this peculiar style, is the main attraction of the picture; along with the illunescence of the various surfaces and textures of water, rock, and foliage. At a certain point of distance the

lake appears to glitter, the stone comes out sharp and hard, and the trees round and bushy; though the painting is decidedly thin in parts. On the *Thames, near Windsor* (511), as it is more loaded with colour, so does it fail in the far distance to convey a fine sense of delicate aerial effect; though in the near and middle parts the success of the style is more complete. Symptoms of haste, however, are discernible throughout this work; the hand of the artist has occasionally outstripped his thought, for many of the touches are quite unmeaning; whilst the trace of the original guiding outline, which still remains along the left bank of the river, only partially erased, shows either considerable neglect, or supreme indifference to the observation of the public.

Mr. Stark's paintings this year are good. *The Warren, Eridge Park* (216), is an excellent and patient study of woodland scenery. *Near Tunbridge Wells* (501) is in almost equal order of merit.

Amongst the figure paintings not yet mentioned, *Crossing the Moor* (470), by T. Brooks, is a forcible and expressive drawing. Though not perhaps equally firm throughout, the features of the girl, her head-dress and basket, are all admirable; and the group is natural and pleasing. The other subject by this artist, *Want and Abundance* (544), has equal merits of good and forcible painting. Though not of the imaginative or florid caste, there is a great deal of thought in the various by-play of this scene, which carries a moral with it. The younger of the starved children finding amidst her wretched poverty a crumb with which to feed the redbreast, the newspaper on the floor, and the approaching carriage, are all traits which would not have occurred to every composer.

The Parting (29), by T. Hall, is an old arrangement of figures, but in itself agreeable, the colour being, however, too painfully warm.

Falstaff and his Recruits (27), by H. Shirley, deserves a larger space of canvass, and it may be added, more broad humour. There is really not much here to distinguish the scene from an ordinary encampment of mediæval recruits in a pretty bit of landscape. Falstaff's wide belt, and Bardolph's red nose, are after all very secondary contributions to the wit of the scene as it ought to be.

More in the genre style is the large picture, *Enjoyment likely to be Interrupted* (317), by Alexander Fraser, a group which will excite many a laugh. The boys, sucking up beer through straws, and interrupted by the entrance of the old woman, is a homely but amusing incident, and has been treated by the artist with his usual skill and dramatic feeling; and the effect of colour is full and pleasant, though the drawing be not over-powerful.

Another subject, by a Scottish artist, is *The Reformer's House, Edinburgh, during the Sixteenth Century* (372), by J. D. Drummond. It is not surprising that various opinions have been expressed respecting this picture, for its merits are very unequal. On the one hand the novelty of the subject and its importance attract attention, and the fertility of design and copiousness of thought are highly commendable. The idea in the mind of the composer would seem to have been most complete, graphic, and dramatic. But the drawing of the figures is imperfect, and the haste which was required in order to combine the various groups and points of interest, before the single conception was lost, gives a weak appearance to the piece as a whole. The details have in fact been sacrificed to the unity of the subject, and the effect of colour is cold and the ornament bald. These defects will ruin the picture as to attractiveness; but it contains much instruction, and will repay a thoughtful study.

Another figure picture, *The Arrest of Effie Deans at St. Leonard's Crags* (140), by Miss J. McLeod, has the undisputed charm of gracefulness and tenderness; but is deficient in vehemence of expression. The peculiar qualities of the style impart a pleasing sentiment to a scene which is wanting in higher powers. The merits of painting and colour at the same time are not insignificant.

Nor should we omit to mention Mr. R. G. Kelly's scene of *An Ejectment in Ireland* (77), which has

character, thought, and study in its composition; the different costumes, figures, and attitudes not only being interesting in their strong contrasts, but well expressing the various emotions of the actors. The figure of the clergyman is a little too prominent in the scene to be in harmonious keeping.

Amongst the smaller subjects of the figure class, Mr. Brocky's *Delight* (128) is an eminent instance alike of correct drawing, bold light and shade, and fine colour; a most meritorious subject. *The Head of an Old Man* (565) is equally good.

A Spanish Gipsy Mother (365), by J. Phillip, is striking from its arrangement of light, the reflections of which from the dress, as thrown on the child and mother, are forcibly expressed. The right arm is, however, evidently disproportionately small.

Mr. H. O'Neil's *St. Agnes* (308) is in many respects a superior work. The countenance has a saint-like expression, and the painting is clear and vivid. A tendency to hardness and flatness, however, suggestive of a German style of figure drawing, somewhat diminishes the effect. Some of the accessory parts would seem to be treated conventionally; but the figure is neither quite religious in style nor quite secular. A little alteration would soon convert it into a *Margaret from the Faust*, for which it might be easily mistaken.

The few religious subjects of this year have generally been not successful. The figure, not well named, *Christ beginneth to Preach* (165), by J. Bowles, is painfully deficient in almost all the points essential to success in so difficult a subject. Indeed the absence of all traditional modes of representation, except those that have come down to us through the Church of Rome; the lack of guidance towards embodying in art the Protestant idea of the divine Founder of Christianity; and the want of an English religious school of treatment, are too clearly manifest from such an example.

An American artist, D. Huntington, has contributed two large pictures, entitled *The Sacred Lesson* (48), and *A Magdalen* (282). They are ambitious in composition, style, and colour, and if considered as merely studies, showing that, far as the artist has gone, he has yet much more to learn before he attains the rank of a worthy follower of the great masters he studies, are well deserving attention.

The fault of another studied work, *The Presentation of Samuel* (347), by J. B. Bedford, is a want of unity in the various members of the group, who seem collected from various sources, and have no feeling in common.

The Sappho (215) of Mr. C. Rolt is an impressive figure, though with an appearance of too great heaviness about the head and neck; and here again a little more or a little less of conventionality would be desirable. Does it represent the ideal Sappho of Greek poetry? Then a little less of the mortal, and more of the Muse might be expected; but if the living, breathing, despairing lover of the Leucadian rock, then the lyre at her feet is out of place at such a moment. The figure entitled *The Sea Nymph's Toilette* (207), we have already made acquaintance with, in the Exhibition of Sketches and Drawings. The present copy in oil is equally deficient in beauty of face, but elaborate in finish, with the former in water colours.

Mr. Waterhouse's group, *A Roman Fruit Stall* (433), has elegance of arrangement, and a fine feeling of colour, and promises well; and the figures not far off, in *The Village Spring* (458), by Mr. T. F. Marshall, embody a pretty incident, perhaps not altogether new.

Two heads, by J. P. Drew, something in the style of Inskipp (169 and 196), are pleasing in colour and treatment; and Mr. Gale's heads are also to be noticed. *Going to the Sistine Chapel* (219), particularly, is well painted, though the face be not of remarkable beauty. *Little Red Riding Hood* (524), a pleasant though rather hard-fashioned group, by W. M. Wyllie; Mrs. Carpenter's study of a child, *I Know my Lesson* (83), very expressive, almost too maturely so for its age; *One of the Monks of Old* (187), a fine head, though a study, by Mr. J. E. Collins; *A Belle of the Eighteenth*

Century (403), by Vernon Hughes, and *A Costume Study* (46), by T. Whitburn, will all be looked at with much interest. Less fortunate is the large picture, *Desdemona and Emilia* (291), by Miss L. E. Barker, though its points are occasionally good; and an equal want of taste disfigures the vulgar figure, *Preparing for the Chase* (424), by Mr. Selous, most unfavourably contrasted with the elegant little group, *A Young Lady on a Pony* (425), adjoining, by H. De Montpezat. *Gleaners Tired* (489), by W. Bowness, is a large, but glaringly disagreeable production; and J. G. Naish's *Spirit of the O'Donoghue* (321) is equally false in sentiment and wild in colour. In this purgatory of mistaken attempts must be mentioned also *Endymion* (516), by F. Walsley, and *Daniel* (517), by H. Barrand, which rival one another in absurd and false imagery, matched only by the scene from Shelley's 'Revolt of Islam,' called *The Aerial Combat* (233), by W. Huggins, where an uncouth Cytherea, sitting in a ball-dress upon some wet rocks, is a simple caricature of the poet's ethereal vision. Shakespeare has been "crucified" as cruelly as ever he was in Pope's time, by the *Lorenzo and Jessica* scene (14), by J. S. Spencer; and Walter Scott, by the *Ivanhoe* (450) of W. Reiner.

We turn with pleasure to the landscapes not yet noticed by us, amongst which Mr. Carmichael's *December Morning, Dunstanborough Castle* (485), is a good specimen of his style. J. Middleton's *Tributary of the Llyn* (484), and *Sand Hills* (530), are still pleasing. Mr. F. H. Henshaw's *Edinburgh* (30), though everything seems out of place in the subject, is a clever production. *A Water Mill, Dolgelly* (25), by A. Barland, is a very pretty sparkling scene, the falling water being the only failure of delineation. And Mr. Bates has furnished a very good sea-side sketch in *Capceure, near Boulogne* (24), and some Jersey studies. Messrs. Oliver and J. Callow contribute several bright pictures in the style we are familiar with from their hands, and Mr. F. Dillon's *Convent de la Vittoria, Seville* (213), is highly characteristic.

Mr. Galsworthy's *On the River Plym, Devon* (44), though a little too bright, has much promise in it. The tints of the middle distance are the true shades of the Dartmoor hills, whilst an agreeable introduction of brown into the near foliage in front gives hope of a warmer and richer tone of colouring. The fir on the right spoils that part of the subject. *Esau on the Corniche* (76), by C. R. Stanley, is also pleasing from the extreme beauty of its subject.

Mr. Henderson seems to be following in the track of Mr. Anthony. *Shadows of the Past Haddon* (279) is gloomy, but undoubtedly expressive. Mr. G. Hilditch affords another instance of a mannered style in *Hove Church, near Brighton* (123), in the flat Dutch manner; whilst the unfortunate pink and purple colour in which Mr. Robins's *Fishing Boat Scene* (335) has been invested, spoils an else pleasing subject. Mr. G. Stanfield has contributed two unusually large and good pictures in *Sion, in the Canton Valais* (434), and *St. Maurice* (477), which yet show hardness of handling and want of imagination—defects that have still to be remedied.

Mr. Brandard's small subject, *Water Mill, Sheafley* (354), is a very charming study of country life and streaming summer shadows. *Swansea Bay, South Wales* (129), by A. Vickiers, is equally pleasing; and *Brown Top, near Keswick* (294), by W. Havell, is a sweet and engaging picture.

Mr. Dawson has exhibited much ability and force in *Dartmouth* (463). In his peculiar manner, indeed, the character of the scene, in one of its phases at least, is successfully caught and preserved; but this imaginative and ambitious style has not yet reached perfection. Mr. J. Peel's *The Watridge in Borrowdale* (205) is a clear bright painting; but we are compelled to point to Mr. Grimshawe's *Traves Afon, North Wales* (70), as a lamentable instance of false colouring; and the imbecilities of Mr. J. Giles's *View of Dunrobin Castle* (538) are only matched by its style, which, in fashion, has happily long been extinct.

An architectural sketch of *Rouen Cathedral* (5), by L. J. Wood, is remarkable for its elegance and

for the excellence of the figures; and Mr. T. Scandrett is not unsuccessfully progressing in the style of David Roberts in his *Cathedral of St. Bavon* (539).

Amongst the animal painters Mr. Arnfield again charms the eye with a sense of almost perfection in his groups, *The Reaper's Dogs* (9), and *Terriers and Hedgehog* (558). Mr. T. Earl has produced a very popular and attractive picture in *The Critics* (131), which represents two terriers looking at a print after Landseer's *Laying Down the Law*, notwithstanding the unnatural and therefore false idea on which it is founded. Sir Edwin had strained the idea of canine intelligence nearly as far as it would bear: this is an advance upon him. Three other pictures are in Mr. Earl's usual style. Mr. J. C. Morris paints a cow's head looking out of a picture, with the title of *Left at Home* (127), a subject which conveys but little either of amusement or instruction, and appears to us to be skill thrown away; Mr. Horlor has furnished a successful picture, in the Landseer and Herring style, in his *Keeper's House* (426). *Just Out—the Tale of a Teal* (331), by T. Wolf, is a spirited and dashing scene, excellent in drawing, but a little out in tone. It has been bought by the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose partiality for subjects of natural history is well known.

The Sculpture this year presents very little that requires notice. *Helen veiled before Paris* (570), by C. P. Bacon, scarcely deserves the material and skill that have been occupied with an idea, of which the Exhibition might well have furnished the first and the last examples. A pair of busts by Theed, Helen (583) and Sappho (589), are remarkable among the rest for an ease, refinement, and elegance, which do credit to the taste of the artist.

At Paris, the regulations for the approaching Annual Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists have been issued, by the Director-General of the Museum of the Louvre, Count de Nieuwerkerke. As usual, they declare that the exhibition will be open to foreigners as well as natives; that each exhibitor will only be allowed to send three works; that paintings, drawings, miniatures, engravings, lithographs, sculpture, engravings of medals, and architectural designs, will be admitted; that a medal *d'honneur*, with 160*l.*, will be given to the best work of all; and that other medals, not exceeding 21 for painting, 12 for sculpture, 7 for engraving and lithography, and 6 for architecture, will be given to other meritorious works—the said medals being divided into three classes, of which the first is to be worth 60*l.*, the second, 20*l.*, and the third, 10*l.*; and that artists sending works are to accompany them with a written statement of their names, places and dates of birth, names of the masters with whom they studied, and an account of the recompenses they have obtained, if any. It has already been announced, in this journal, that works destined for the exhibition must be sent, free of expense, to the Menus-Plaisirs, Faubourg Poissonnière, at Paris, before the 30th March; and that the exhibition will be thrown open to the public on the 1st May. We again earnestly exhort English artists to forward specimens of their productions. As we have said before, they have much to hope for in so doing—nothing to lose. Continental fame is more likely to be gained by one exhibition at Paris than by half a dozen at London; the chances of sale are greater there, for, in addition to private individuals, the Government always purchases largely; and, besides, it is due to the English school, to prove that it has no need to fear a comparison with that of France.

By a recent decree of the Emperor of the French, what is called “the administration of the Fine Arts,” has been transferred from the Minister of the Interior to the Minister of State. This department of the Fine Arts costs the country annually 194,000*l.*, more than two or three of our Ministries. Of this sum, nearly 20,000*l.* are devoted to the keeping up of the French School at Rome, the Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris, the Schools of Drawing at Paris, Lyons, and Dijon, and the Conserva-

toires of Music and Declamation at Paris, Lille, Toulouse, Metz, and Marseilles; 26,000*l.* to purchases of pictures, busts, and statues of the Emperor, of blocks of marble, and of paintings at exhibitions; nearly 12,000*l.* to encouragements and subscriptions to the Fine Arts; 5,600*l.* as indemnities to artists, dramatic authors, and composers; 55,000*l.* as subventions to the theatres:—whilst the rest goes in artistic decorations of public buildings, pensions to actors, artists, and musicians, and other purposes connected more or less closely with the encouragement of the arts. Let political economists say what they will, there is something truly noble in this national patronage of art. It is one of those things which are “managed better” by the French than by ourselves.

Picture sales have been rather frequent of late in Paris, and, on the whole, good prices have been obtained. At one the other day a portrait of a woman, purporting to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was put up; but as it only fetched 52*l.* perhaps doubts may be entertained of its authenticity. At another the Marquis of Hertford purchased Decamps' *Woman at a Fountain* for 2600 francs; and at the same sale, Meissonnier's *Gentleman reading a Letter* fetched 160*l.*; whilst a landscape, by Th. Rousseau, went at 105*l.*; a *Christ on the Cross*, by E. Delacroix, at 164*l.*; a *Female leaving a Bath*, by Diaz, at 48*l.*; and a *Religious Ceremony*, by Isabe, at 94*l.*

The Association of Artists of the province of Prussia have just opened the annual exhibition in the royal palace at Königsberg. The number of works is about 500, the greater part of them from Berlin and Düsseldorf. Some Dutch, French, and Bavarian artists are amongst the exhibitors. The “lions” of the show are a *Godefroy de Bouillon before Jerusalem*, by M. Jacobs, and a *Dying Adonis*, by Professor Kloeber of Berlin.

MUSIC.

MADAME PLEYEL has been delighting the borders with her performances, a concert at Carlisle on Monday evening being attended by a crowded and appreciating audience. The concert was under the management of Mr. H. E. Ford, Organist of the Cathedral. Madame Fiorentini, Miss Alleyne, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Frank Mori were also engaged. Our readers may be amused by the following extract from a musical criticism of the Dublin paper, ‘The Nation,’ which was used at Carlisle to make known to the uninitiated the peculiarities of Madame Pleyel's performances. It shows that the vehemence and eccentricity of ‘The Nation’ is confined to political topics. The writer is referring to her playing Liszt's ‘Tarantella.’ “The piquant grace, the waywardness, the coquettishness, the unreasonableness, if we may say so, of its spirit are all purely feminine, and they have found in her a delicate, spiritual, tantalizing, provoking, triumphant translator that no male brain or fingers need ever hope to equal. We fancy it must have been whilst still panting from the exhaustion of following her through all these rapid transitions of womanly caprice, executed with an unerring head that seems steel-gloved from its force and vigour, that Liszt exclaimed that she was not ‘La plus grande, mais le plus grand pianist du monde.’”

The SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY's performance of *Judas Maccabeus*, last Friday evening, the 18th, at Exeter Hall, was eminently successful. The fine choruses, for which this work of Handel is distinguished, were heard with grand effect. The triumphal, ‘Fallen is the foe,’ and the plaintive ‘Mourn, ye afflicted children,’ and ‘For Sion lamentation make,’ were given with beautiful appropriateness. The solo singers were Misses Birch, Deakin, and Huddart, and Messrs. Sims Reeves, H. Phillips, and F. Williams. *Judas Maccabeus* is the least perfectly sustained throughout of Handel's great oratorios, but it has many master passages, which make it so grand a work. The Sacred Harmonic Society have thorough command of the music from its frequent repetition, and their performance of it is most effective.

It may be because of the Lent season, but at

present THE HARMONIC UNION is only a third Sacred Harmonic Society. On Monday evening Handel's *Messiah* was performed, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is announced for the next meeting, on Tuesday, March 8. The performance of the *Messiah* was safe with so well-appointed a company of soloists, and with choruses so efficient. Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss Dolby, and Miss Rowland, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lawler, were the chief vocalists. For *Judas Maccabeus*, Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Dolby, Miss Bassano, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lawler are engaged.

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY has made its public announcement of the opening of the season on the 14th of March. Besides the established orchestral works of their *répertoire*, compositions new or little known in this country are promised. Treaties are said to be pending with the most distinguished vocalists expected to be in London during the season, including Madame Garcia Viardot, Madame Castellan, Madame Clara Novello, Signors Lablache and Gardoni, and Herr Staudigl. We have confidence in the energetic and intelligent management of the directors of these concerts, which have now completed forty seasons, and have been mainly instrumental in introducing an extended taste for the highest order of music in this country.

Mr. CHARLES SALAMAN's first performance of classical pianoforte music took place on Wednesday evening. The programme contained Sonata in A major, piano and violin, Beethoven; Sonata in E flat, pianoforte solo, Steibelt; Trio in E, piano, violin, and violoncello, Hummel; Sonata solo, and duet in B flat, piano and violoncello, Mendelssohn. Mr. Salaman was assisted by Messrs. Blagrove and Piatta. Miss Bird's vocal performances varied the entertainment.

The NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY has issued its programme for the season, and among the works promised are Beethoven's cantata, ‘The praise of Music,’ Mendelssohn's ‘Walpurgis Night,’ Gluck's choruses from *Iphigenia*, Beethoven's ‘Choral Symphony,’ Mendelssohn's symphony in C minor, Beethoven's choruses from the *Ruins of Athens*, a selection from E. J. Loder's *Island of Calypso*, Horley's overture to *Genoveva*, part of Dr. Wyld's music to *Paradise Lost*, double symphony for two orchestras by Dr. Spohr, overture to *Faust* and *The Vampire* by Lindpaintner, Weber's unpublished cantata, ‘Kampf und Sieg,’ Macfarren's overture to *Don Carlos*, a new composition by E. Silas, and vocal pieces by John Barnett, Henry Smart, and Howard Glover. The strength of the orchestra and the chorus is to be greater than last year, and with Dr. Spohr as one of the conductors let us hope that the season may be a successful one.

The CONCERTS OF THE QUARTETT ASSOCIATION, consisting of Messrs. Sinton, Hill, Cooper, and Piatti, are to commence on April 14th, at Willis's Rooms. Few concerts of last season were more popular with the lovers of classical music than these Quartett *réunions*, at which the most perfect performances of concerted music by first-rate instrumentalists were heard. As in last season, a pianist of eminence will be engaged for each performance, and the programme of compositions will be edited, with critical analyses and notes, by Mr. Macfarren, whose judicious, if not too sublimated, remarks prepare for and assist the better enjoyment of the musical treat.

Our intelligence from abroad, this week, though somewhat lengthy, is not unimportant. At Paris, there has been no novelty of any kind; and for want of more substantial *pabulum*, the musical circles of that city have been amusing themselves by quizzing the manner in which *Comte Ory* was represented at the Grand Opéra, on the occasion of the imperial visit in state, mentioned in our last. Roger, it seems, was out of voice, and sang most wretchedly; the other performers were not at all ‘up’ in their parts; the choruses squaled terribly; and the orchestra displayed a lofty contempt for tune. Altogether, the exhibition was a sad one, and was truly disgraceful to a theatre which modestly boasts of being the first in Europe. The excuse of the management is that the opera had to

be got up with extreme haste; but as it is one of the stock pieces of the house—one, too, that has served as a substitute on an emergency for years—haste is no excuse for imperfection. Besides, the Grand Opéra, with such a company, and such a *répertoire* as it possesses, should never be in a hurry with anything. On dit that *Don Juan* is to be got up at this theatre with extraordinary splendour. On dit, also, that Meyerbeer's new five-act opera is to be forthwith put into rehearsal; but this we have good reason to doubt. The first novelties will probably be the *Last Day of the Fronde*, which is announced to be in rehearsal, and a ballet in three acts, for Mdle. Priora. At the Opéra Comique, the new opera, by Ambrose Thomas, libretto by Sauvage, is so far ready that it can be brought out as soon as the interest of the recent novelties shall begin to flag. The legal warfare between Mdle. Crivelli and M. Costi, director of the Italian Theatre, is, fortunately for both parties, at an end, thanks to the friendly intervention of a judge of the Tribunal of Commerce. It is to be hoped that they will not squabble again. Nothing will be easier than to maintain peace, if the lady will only be a little less capricious, and the gentleman a little less domineering; and perhaps their duty to the public requires that they should be so. We learn, further, from Paris, that M. Auber has commenced operations as Director of the music of the chapel of 'his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor.' He has collected an able band, and has added to it twelve male and twelve female vocalists. His Majesty, who seems musically inclined, has charged M. Labarre, a composer of some note, to form another orchestra for the performance of what is called chamber music. The only other items of Parisian news worth mentioning are that the accomplished pianist, Mdle. Claus, has given a grand concert; that two young sisters, named Ferni, have been delighting the critical audiences of the Italiens by almost Paganinian performances on the violin; that Felicien David's concerts, at the Jardin d'Hyver, seem likely to be very popular indeed; and that at the annual meeting of the Musicians' Charitable Society, a favourable report on its situation was read—its funded property, it was stated, now yielding an annual revenue of 530l.

The recent disturbances at Milan have caused all the theatres to be closed. Just before they broke out a new opera by Muzzio, called *Claudia*, and founded on George Sand's work under that title, was produced. It is said to display sober and elegant instrumentation, and to contain some charming melodies; but on the whole not to be remarkable either for power or originality. The *Prophet* continued, at the date of our last accounts, to excite great enthusiasm at Florence—hundreds of people had to be turned from the doors nightly, and the *Fides*, Madame Sianchioli, had to appear nightly about half a dozen times, on an average, to be applauded and pelted with bouquets. A new theatre is to be built in that city especially for grand ballet and operatic spectacles. The laborious Verdi is engaged in writing an opera on the famous drama called the *Dame aux Camélias*, of Alexandre Dumas, junior, which has had such an extraordinary run at the Vaudeville Theatre at Paris—it is destined for the Fenice at Venice. Some musical authorities seem to think that the composer has not made a happy choice of his subject. Verdi's popularity is rapidly extending—his *Louisa Miller* is at present all the rage at Madrid. This same opera had quite recently the singular honour of figuring at the same time at the two great theatres of Paris, the Grand Opéra and the Italian; and it is still attractive at the former. At Madrid, too, Flora Fabbri, the *dansuse*, has appeared in a new ballet by Bretin. The Spanish journals speak of it and her with true southern exaggeration. A good tenor in these degenerate days is almost as rare as Juvenal imagined a black swan to be; but at the National Theatre at Pesth it seems there are at this moment not fewer than seven tenors, each better than the other! What a godsend for Opera-house managers! Vienna is about to see its Italian theatre re-open for the season with Rossini's *Semiramide*; and en attendant,

Mdlle. Taglioni is dancing there. The Theatre Royal at Berlin has produced Auber's *Lac des Fées* with success. Mdle. Wagner is to quit it on the 1st of March on leave of absence. At the Wilhelmstadt, in the same city, *Giralda* is in preparation; and amongst the concert-givers is Terese Milanollo. The audience at the Hamburg Theatre was greatly alarmed a few nights ago, on learning that Herr Fornes, while playing *Leperello*, nearly broke his neck by falling down a trap negligently left open. The new opera of M. Von Flotow, recently performed for the first time at the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, has been brought out with success at the theatre at Stettin;—it is called *Indra*; and at Königsberg, a new operetta of much merit, by Sobolewsky, has been produced. If the Swiss papers are to be believed, one of the most accomplished opera companies in Europe is now performing at Geneva, with Levasseur, of the Grand Opéra of Paris, as a star; but we respectfully decline to place implicit faith in the assertions or judgment of our Helvetian contemporaries.

Here is a startling piece of news from one of our Berlin letters:—"The newspapers of different countries have recently teemed with accounts of Jenny Lind having disbursed vast sums for establishing charitable institutions in Sweden. Jenny has done nothing of the kind. Since her marriage she has ceased to be profusely generous." Another bit of news, in another Berlin letter, may also interest the reader;—"Mdle. Johanna Wagner, the celebrated cantatrice, has been affianced, and will soon be married to Professor Gneist, a gentleman learned in the law."

In the Friedrich Wilhelmstädtische Theatre in Berlin, 109 new pieces were brought out in the course of the year 1852, amongst which there were twenty-three operas and sixty-five comedies, the greater part being by German composers and authors.

THE DRAMA.

The Christmas entertainments are fast disappearing from the play-bills, and this week will witness, with one or two exceptions, their entire withdrawal. Easter, however, falls unusually early this year, and thus the *interregnum* so awkward to managers will be more readily got over. DRURY LANE seems to be in that state into which badly managed theatres are apt to fall between the failure of one novelty and the production of another; such worn-out attractions as the *Lady of Lyons*, and *Black-Eyed Susan*, with Mrs. Mowatt's play of *Armand*, which never attracted at all, have formed the commodities of the week. A new drama called *The School for Kings*, and a new farce, are announced for Monday, a piece called *Middleton Hall*, announced for Wednesday last, having been withdrawn from the bills. At the HAYMARKET there has been no change in the performances, nor has there been any at the PRINCESS'S, where Mr. T. P. Cooke commences an engagement on Monday evening, as *William*, in *Black-Eyed Susan*. At the LYCEUM no change has taken place since Christmas, the success of the spectacle continuing to fill the theatre. At the ADELPHI the Pantomime has been withdrawn, and the *Child of the Wreck* having been produced for Madame Celeste's benefit, continues to be performed as a first piece, followed by *Slave Life* at second price.

At the minor theatres the tide of emigration has set in, and the diggings have succeeded *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Following the example of Drury-lane, the OLYMPIC has *Life in Australia*, produced on Monday evening last. The scene of the early portion of the piece is laid in Ireland, where a young lady is the cause of jealousy, a quarrel, and an apparently deadly struggle, between two brothers. In the second act, the whole of the *dramatis personæ* are found at Melbourne on their way to "the diggings," and the most effective scene is a halt and bivouac of the party on the road, with an episode of emigrant life. This, and the scene of the actual "diggings" in the third act, where, under the disguise of a pedlar, the brother who is supposed to

have been killed re-appears, will no doubt render the drama attractive for a time, although it presents few features, either of dialogue or situation, to entitle it to success. The former is indeed poor in the extreme, and the comic portions arise out of the adventures of what to an *own correspondent* of a newspaper are both commonplace and absurd. The principal characters were efficiently played by Messrs. W. Farren, jun., Shalders, Hoskins, Miss Anderton, and Mrs. Alfred Phillips, the authoress of the piece. A *troupe* of Tyrolean Minstrels made their appearance on the same evening, and were received with applause. We must not omit to mention that a good deal of reality was imparted to the Australian scenes by the use of a tent, and various implements and ingenious contrivances for the use of emigrants and gold-seekers.

At the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, M. Ravel concludes his engagement this week. In addition to *Le Fière Brulante*, already known here, a clever little piece has been imported, called *Edgar et sa Bonne*, the embroilments of which arise from a young gentleman (played by Ravel) forming an attachment to a servant girl, his friends of course having other views for him. This evening M. Ravel performs in four pieces. Mdle. Luther of the Gymnase makes her appearance here on Monday next.

Mr. Albert Smith has collected in a pamphlet the opinions of the leading journals on the subject of 'press orders,' adopting with a comfortable complacency the opinion of the 'Globe,' that he is the Martin Luther of the reform in which the discussion has resulted. We have not, for our own part, been able to discover wherein Mr. Smith's claim to the distinction lies. Had he moved in the matter when he was a critic, and before he became an exhibitor, his remonstrances would have been entitled to more respect. As it is, they were so palpably the offspring of personal interest, that we may safely conclude he would never have laid lance in rest against the abuse had his pocket not been assailed. Why, except for the sake of notoriety, he should have published this pamphlet is not very apparent, for the question to which it relates is already dead and buried, and in itself was less the concern of the public than of the press, whose honour was at stake in the continuance of a degrading system. The perusal of the pamphlet, such as it is, is not calculated, we fear, to impress the reader favourably as to the spirit of most of the journalists who have written upon the subject, especially those of the highest standing. Unable to deny the abuse, or their own culpability, they have sheltered themselves under an undue incrimination of the managers. Sneering at the 'privilege' as no privilege at all, they still cannot deny that, somehow or other, they used it very freely. They tell the managers, in grandiloquent phrase, that they did so to help these struggling caterers for the public amusement in giving a show of success to performances that deserved failure; yet in the same breath they talk loudly of their own independence as public guides. The dilemma is inevitable. If they used the privilege with no ultimate objects, then it was a privilege in the nature of a donation, which independence spurns: if, on the other hand, they used it to give a false appearance of success, they were combining with the managers to deceive the public. Why not at once admit the whole system to have been false and bad,—degrading to manager and critic alike, and, what is of far more importance, calculated to injure deeply the cause of the drama,—instead of assuming, as many of these writers have done, a tone of arrogance and self-glorification, painfully in contrast with the palpable facts of the case. Through all this big talk, the duller eye can see a soreness at the withdrawal of what has been considered and used as a very convenient adjunct to the privileges of a journalist. It is painful to observe how few have looked beyond the paltry personal question to the interests of dramatic literature or art, or of independent criticism as bearing upon public opinion, which, after all, is the only

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